

# THE TIMES

VOL. IV. No. 5.

GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending February 5, 1859.

{ Whole No. 158.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
**The Old Iron-Ladle.**

BY I.R.A.

Bright scenes of my boyhood! how fondly I've  
cherished  
Their sweet recollection 'mid life's dreary way;  
When I roamed with my comrades—ah, many  
have perished!  
As wild as the zephyr the whole summer day,  
When weary and worn, from the play-ground  
I hurried,  
With many a buoyant, half-frolicsome jump,  
The first thing I seized, with a rapture enchanting,  
Was the nectar-filled ladle that hangs at the  
pump!  
O the ladle, the ladle, the nectar-filled ladle,  
The dear iron-ladle that hangs at the pump!  
No—never shall Time, with its envious finger,  
Erase from the tablets of memory mine,  
This school-boy devotion which ever shall linger  
[pine.]  
Around my cold bosom, though all else should  
Let kings boast their goblets with wine over-  
flowing;  
And cups of the purest of gem-studded gold,  
But give me the ladle with bright waters flowing.  
That brimming old ladle so often extolled!  
Then give me the ladle, the nectar-filled ladle,  
That dear iron-ladle, so often extolled!

## Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.—Continued.

**S**OON after Greene came to Long Island, he made the acquaintance of the late Alex. Hamilton, who was then a mere youth, but who afterwards was so conspicuous in the councils of the country; and the circumstances were so characteristic of Greene that they deserve to be remembered. When summoned to attend the commander-in-chief, he usually walked, attended by one or more of his aids, from the ferry landing to head-quarters. When passing one day by the place which was then called the Park and was used as the parade ground for the militia corps, he observed Hamilton drilling a juvenile company of aristocrats; and, without knowing who he was, his attention was arrested by the ardor of his countenance, and by the precision with which their movements were made. Hailing behind the crowd until an interval occurred in their evolutions, he dispatched an aid to Hamilton with the compliments of Gen. Greene upon the proficiency of his corps and the military bearing of their commander, with a request to favor him with his company to dinner on a specified day. From that hour, a friendship commenced which was strong, mutual and enduring. On the first opportunity, he introduced his youthful acquaintance to the Commander-in-chief, and, from that time, Washington "marked him for his own."

As Greene had anticipated, Washington made a stand at King's bridge; and, as New York was now the object of general solicitude, it was determined to make further efforts for its defence. Greene was one of those who had opposed any efforts of the kind, and Washington, not only agreed with him, but had gone so far as to recommend its destruction; but the patriotism of the country was not sufficiently vigorous, and the success of the revolution was yet too doubtful to venture upon such a measure. Congress, unwilling to give up the city, yet afraid to peril the army in its defence, vacillated, and neither came to any decision, nor made any adequate preparation for its defence until it was too late. In the meantime, the enemy were pressing in their efforts; and when it was resolved to evacuate the city, it could not be done without a heavy loss in military stores and munitions of war.

As soon as Greene could sit in the saddle, he remounted his horse and returned to the discharge of his duties. He had lost nothing in the estimation of the army, nor of his country by his affliction; but

the conviction seemed to be universal that if he had been at the head of his troops, the result of the conflict on Long Island would have been very different. As a proof that the high opinion entertained of his abilities, by the Commander-in-chief and by Congress, was unimpaired, he was now raised to the rank of Major General; and his subsequent history showed that their confidence was not misplaced.

On leaving the city, the British pursued with eagerness; and a brief but brilliant stand was made at Harlem, in which Greene distinguished himself. This was his first battle, and he says he "fought hard" in it; but they could not maintain their ground. Washington retreated to White Plains and detached Greene to watch the enemy's forces that had been left on Staten Island. He had command of the troops in New Jersey and had his head-quarters at Fort Lee or Bergen, as circumstances required. The object was to keep open a communication East of the Hudson, and secure a retreat for Washington, if necessary. With inadequate numbers and inferior officers, his duties were very onerous, and he complains bitterly of both. His militia became insubordinate; and, on one occasion, he was obliged to bring up his regulars to teach them subordination. This produced loud remonstrances from Greene and Washington against the miserable policy of short enlistments and militia requisitions. In the meantime, the main army had been marching and counter-marching to elude the manoeuvres of Howe, whose arms were pointed towards the position occupied by Greene, and whose object was to reach Philadelphia across the Jersey. Fort Washington had been maintained as a check upon the navigation of the Hudson, but was wholly inadequate for the purpose, and the garrison was now in danger. Washington proposed to withdraw the garrison; but Greene urged its importance, among other considerations, as an obstruction to the intercourse of the enemy with the country by way of King's bridge. Congress, by a resolution, determined on "retaining it as long as possible;" and, under this resolution, Washington directed Greene to give the garrison every assistance in his power, but allowed him a discretionary power of withdrawing the command, if deemed necessary. Greene, in accordance with his previous views, preferred to maintain the post, which was then held by Col. Magaw, with a force of two thousand men, chiefly Pennsylvanians and Marylanders. This number was thought to be sufficient; but Greene added six hundred more, and he was himself present with the garrison, the evening before, animating the troops and counselling the officers. The fort stood upon a commanding eminence on Manhattan Island, and Fort Lee on the opposite bank of the North river. The post could be commanded from opposite height and an overwhelming force could be readily concentrated upon it. The assault was made, Nov. 16th, and a severe conflict ensued, in which, tho' eventually successful, the British were roughly handled, having lost eight hundred men by the unerring aim of the Maryland rifles. With anything like equal numbers, the defence would have been easy, but the enemy were as five to one. Greene suffered for a time in the opinion of the public, which censured him for not abandoning the fort in season; but if he erred, it was partly from the want of experience and partly from a modest deference to the known will of his superiors. However indomitable may be a man's will, if it is controlled by a sound judgment, he can never venture to act independently, in the face of authority, until the decisions of his own mind have been confirmed and matured by a veteran career, and Greene's reasons were just such as would influence any brave young officer, who was yet without military experience, and feeling a high respect for rightful authority. It could be no dispragement to his ability, if he was deceived as to the strength of the place and its capability of defence; for he had little or no training as an engineer, and there were few in the army, then or at any time

during the war, who knew more about it than himself. Hence so many foreigners, competent or incompetent, were promoted to the injury of the cause and the mortification of Native born Americans.

At Fort Washington, the whole garrison, between two and three thousand, surrendered as prisoners of war; and a still heavier loss was sustained in provisions, arms and military stores. The fall of Fort Washington was soon followed by that of Fort Lee—an event which had been anticipated by the Commander-in-chief, who had given orders for its evacuation, but the means of transportation could not be obtained in season, and his orders had just been received when the British forces were seen crossing the Hudson. This force, consisting of British and Hessians, was headed by Lord Cornwallis, with whom Greene was destined to have frequent conflicts in future, and whose aim now was to cut off the retreat of the garrison towards the Hackensack. This was on the morning of Nov. 18th. Greene, tho' he was four miles from the river and had just risen from his bed while Cornwallis was not half that distance, marched with such rapidity that he threw himself in front of his lordship and kept him at bay until Washington, who had been warned of the danger by express, could come to his relief. His conduct in this affair was more eulogized than it had been censured on the fall of Fort Washington; and leaving the Commander-in-chief to deal with Cornwallis, he hastened back to the fort and conducted the garrison across the Hackensack; but the whole of the cannon in the fort, except two 12 pounders, and a great deal of baggage, between two and three hundred tents, about a thousand barrels of flour and other stores in the quarter-master's department, fell into the hands of the enemy.

With the sad remains of his shattered army, scarcely three thousand in number, and not two thousand fit for duty, the Commander-in-chief, perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed, was obliged to retire before his victorious enemy with a retreating army of fifteen thousand strong, and under the command of able officers, all well-fed, well-clothed and well-equipped. At the head of this broken and dispirited army, now reduced in physical and moral strength, to the lowest point of depression, half famished, half-starved and half equipped, and many of them marking the frozen ground over which they marched with their bare and bleeding feet, Washington, with Greene at his side, sharing his spirit and partaking in his counsels, made his memorable retreat across the Jersey, and never rested until he got the Delaware between him and his pursuers, when he could feel secure and deliberate on future measures. This was, both to the army and the nation, the hour of sorest trial and of deepest despondence during the war; but Providence had purposed that America should be free, and he never forsook those who were fighting the battles of freedom. They could not be long stationary, and all felt it was "do or die." If they went forward, they could but die. If they went back, an ignominious death, or a degradation and bondage, worse than death, awaited them; yet their purpose to fight on, was not one of desperation; for, when all that makes a man on earth or a saint in heaven is at stake, men will still hope for success, even amid the gloom of adversity and the warnings of disasters. The star of hope was now hid behind a mighty surge of misfortunes, but it soon began to throw its feeble rays from the far-distant horizon across the troubled surface.

Trenton was occupied by fifteen hundred Hessians under Colonel Rahl; and Washington determined to take them by surprise. On the evening of Dec. 25th, the command of the right wing was given to Sullivan, with orders to advance on the road nearest the river; the command of the left was given to Greene, and to be accompanied by Washington in person. In the course of the night, they crossed the river in a storm of wind and rain; and by a march of nine miles, which was conducted with perfect silence, the enemy

were unapprised of their danger until they felt the shock of battle. Many of them being asleep and in dreamless security, tho' it was broad day light, before they could be roused from their slumbers and the stupor of their Christmas excesses, the American left, with Washington and Greene at its head, was rushing down upon them like an avalanche, and they were unprepared for battle. Their artillery was first seized, which prevented their escape towards Princeton, and then, volleys of musketry were poured upon their forming ranks with such effect that the work was done in a few minutes. When they attempted to retire in the opposite direction, they were met by Sullivan, and found themselves between two fires. As resistance would be folly and retreat impracticable, more than a thousand of them surrendered, and with their military and camp equipments, were made prisoners of war. This *coup de main* was a brilliant affair and would have been complete, if the detachment which had been ordered to cross the river some miles below, and intercept the fugitives in that direction, had executed Washington's orders; but as it was prevented from crossing by the ice, some four or five hundred of them escaped on that side. This grand affair was immediately followed by the manoeuvre against Princeton, by which the enemy's designs against Philadelphia were frustrated, and his chain of posts from Brunswick to the Delaware was temporarily broken up. It has been said that Greene first suggested both these movements; but be that as it may, he was certainly one of the most prompt and efficient in giving them success. Thro' all the vicissitudes of this trying winter, he followed the fortunes of Washington and was his most confidential adviser. On all occasions when it could be done, the Commander-in-chief was fond of appointing Greene on special services; and, about this time, the environs began to look upon expressions of confidence with a jealous eye; but all candid men knew that the confidence was neither unmerited nor intended for any sinister purpose.

By these two victories the enemy were confounded and the hopes of the nation were revived. As the cause of Independence, a few days before, seemed desperate, the joy of all concerned, the army, the Congress and the nation, now corresponded to their previous gloom of despondence. Gen. Howe was confined to his quarters and watched with Argus eyes. The American people never had doubted the ability, the courage, or the patriotism of their commanders; but now they had proof clear as demonstration, that, in the stratagems of war, they were an overmatch for the veterans of Europe, and the effect was probably more happy than the most complete victory in a pitched battle. A confidence of ultimate success was everywhere felt; and Congress was beginning to see the folly of short enlistments and of dependence on the militia. With these two splendid victories ended the campaign of 1776, and the army went into Winter Quarters at Morristown, N. J., where, though inactive, they felt secure, and where, during the winter, Washington was urgent in his solicitations with Congress, and indefatigable in his exertions of every kind to get his army recruited and ready for further operations before the spring opened.

While the American army was in Winter Quarters at Morristown, the enemy, with a force of more than twenty thousand, had a chain of posts extending from Brunswick, by Amboy, to Staten Island, by which he kept up a communication with New York; but they were watched with Argus eyes, and never did the generalship of Washington appear to better advantage than on this occasion, when, with a force of less than three thousand, of which not more than one thousand were regulars, often not half that number, and the rest militia, poorly equipped and not half disciplined, he managed to keep in check such a superior force, all veterans, and well furnished with everything needed in war. During this time, Greene had command of a separate attachment at Bask-

ing Ridge, where he had some little skirmishes with scouting or foraging parties, which were of no importance and served only to keep up the courage and discipline of his men.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Description of the Person of Jesus Christ,

As it was found in Ancient Manuscript,  
Sent by Publius Lutullus, President of  
Judea, to the Senate of Rome.

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The Barbarians esteem him a Prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such paralleled Virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably enclosing on his shoulders, and parted on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of Nazarites; his forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks without spot save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty; counsels with mildness; and invites with the most tender and persuasive language, his whole address whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh; but the whole world beheld him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this Phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present, a man of benevolent beauty and divine perfection every way surpassing the children of men.

### Clandestine Marriages.

If we inquire what is the common result of such marriages, we will find that in the large majority of cases they do not produce the coveted happiness. After the first excitement passes away, after the charming romance has been enjoyed and grown stale, after the rejoicing over the brilliant victory have been duly celebrated, there arises the necessity of counting the cost, and the vulgar elements of bread and butter are found to enter largely into the requirements of the connuptual state. Sometimes the young couple are possessed of sufficient means to provide the necessities and even the luxuries of life, but in these cases *ennui* is an earlier visitor, because the healthful excitement which is the product of daily occupation is wanting. Too much of felicity of these hasty marriages is found in the first success, the first triumph over formidable obstacles; and the constantly recurring lesson which both learn is that the idolized object of such boundless love is not angelic, but human. It is almost infallibly certain that neither party has anything approaching a just estimate of the fearful responsibilities belonging to the wedded state. Under God, the entire happiness of a wife's lifetime depends upon the feelings and conduct of the husband to whom she may have rashly committed all her hopes. Altogether, aside from the requirements of food, raiment and shelter, there are ten thousand indispensable elements, in every happy household. The ever present sympathy, which cannot be cultivated, but which must be of spontaneous growth, and which is not manifested in words, or looks, or acts; but like an electric flash, passes from one heart to the other—the patient forbearance, which cannot be stimulated by any amount of stoical indifference, but which must be the legitimate offspring of an unselfish love; that rare self-

denial which has no sting, because it is swallowed up in the sympathy with her gratification for whom the sacrifice is made. All these are constantly present in the heart of the true husband, and he who is unconscious of them, but lame meets the obligations he has incurred.

### Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF  
KING DAVID.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

NUMBER ONE.

(Note.—Of all books, says a distinguished author, the Bible contains the richest treasures for a thinking mind. It abounds in beautiful figures; it is powerful with wisdom, and the knowledge therein written helpeth to make man wise in all the paths of life. The eventful life of King David, recorded in the Old Testament, is read with interest by the aged, and listened to with admiration by the young. His early valor, his career as a warrior and a king, his sufferings and trials, his inspired Psalms and hymns, so beautifully written—go overflowing with love—which for loveliness and purity of expression all other sacred poetry sinks into mediocrity, and his sincere faith in God through life, mark him as a character worthy of every consideration. There are very many startling, as well as interesting, events in his life; so much so, that one is at a loss which to choose from the whole. I have selected what to my mind seems to be the four great events of his life, or at least equal with any. They are scenes where one sees the Christian character of this devout and good king, both in prosperity and adversity.)

We are told by the most reliable Biblical authority that the celebrated Terebinthine Vale, or Valley of Elah, so noted in sacred history as the battle ground whereon David gained the wonderful victory for Israel over the Philistines, by slaying their uncircumcised champion, Goliath, of Gath, who had defied the armies of the living God—is a pretty and interesting spot, about half a mile in breadth; that the ground is covered with olive trees, and that its present appearance answers exactly to the description given in Scripture.—The very brook where David chose his five smooth stones still flows through the vale in all its rural beauty. Says a more recent historian, the ruins of goody edifices attest the religious veneration entertained in later periods for this hallowed spot; but even these have now become so insignificant that they are scarcely discernible, and nothing can be said to interrupt the native dignity of this place.

It was in the year 1063 B. C. that these armies pitched their tents on the two hills which entirely confine this vale on the right and left. The Philistines had taken possession of the Ephesdammun, between Shochoh and Azzekah, and the armies of Israel and Judah occupied the other. The champion of the Philistines had presented himself for many days, both morning and evening, crying unto the army of Israel:

"Why are you come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine and ye the servants of Saul? Choose you a man from you and let him come down to me! If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants, but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants and serve us."

It was on the morning of the fortieth day—the heavens were overhung with dark thick clouds, and the Vale of Elah looked the very picture of gloom. Although the tents of the armies which dotted the two hills were crowded with warriors, none were to be seen—all was as silent as the tomb; it was like the bush of some mighty storm—dreadful in its awful stillness, as if waiting to gather greater fury before bursting forth o'er this wild spot of nature. Saul and his army were greatly dismayed and terrified, for they knew there were none among them who could cope with the Giant Goliath, and they were fearful that they must soon become the servants of the Philistines. It was shortly after day-break when Jesse, a very old but good man, said unto his son David, who was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to, "take now for thy brethren an ephah of this purchased corn, and these ten leaves, and run to the camp of thy brethren. And carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge."

As he arrived at the camp of Israel, David saw that the armies were going to battle, "for Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army," and David left his carriage in the hands of the keeper of carriages and ran into the army and saluted his brethren, and talked with them; and, while they talked, there came the champion, Goliath of Gath, and when they saw him, all the men fled. And they said unto David, "Have ye seen this man that has come up, surely to defy Israel? he is come up, and it shall be that the man that killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter and make his father's house free in Israel."

And I said unto the men that stood by him, "what shall be done to that man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

And they answered him, saying, "So shall it be done to the man that killeth him." Then Eliab, his eldest brother, who was clad in armor, ready for battle, on hearing him speak unto the men, was angry with David, and he said to him in a taunting manner—"Why comest thou down hither? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart, for thou art come down, that thou mightest see the battle."

And David replied, in a sweet manner, "Brother Eliab, what have I not done?"

*Is there not a cause?*" then turning to the men about him, he repeated, "*Is there not a cause?*"

Saul, on hearing what this beautiful youth had said, sent for him; and David immediately went to his tent, and after paying homage to the king, said,

"Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with the Philistine."

To this, Saul replied, in a laughing way,

"Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

At this, David, taking a step back from before the king, and gently extending both arms in an open gesture, the deep blue of his eyes glistening with confidence, replied,

"O, king, thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him"—then increasing with warmth of feeling as he went on, his face glowing with pride—"Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God! The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine!"

Then spoke Saul, "Thou art a noble youth—go, and the Lord be with you. Take my armor," and the king put a helmet of brass upon his head, and armed him with a coat of mail, and David girded on his sword and assayed to go, but failed. Then said he, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them"—then putting them off, he took a staff in his hand, and, running to the brook near by, chose five smooth stones out of it to put within his shepherd's bag that he wore at his side, from which he had taken a sling. His form was graceful and elegant, straight as an arrow; his limbs were perfectly round and polished like marble, his little feet were placed in sandals, and over his middle and a portion of his left shoulder, he wore the skin of a lion, whose soft dark hair contrasted well with the snowy beauty of his skin, and the exquisite proportions of his figure.

After selecting the stones, he shouted to the enemy:—"I am ready to meet the champion of the Philistines—the Goliath of Gath—for I fight for the armies of the living God."

Then the Philistine came and drew near unto David, and when he saw him, he disdained him, for he was but a youth. He was a mighty man, his height was six cubits and a span (10 feet); he wore a helmet of brass upon his head, and was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass (1561 lbs.) and he had greaves of brass upon his legs and a target of brass between his shoulders—the staff of his spear which he carried was like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron (183 lbs.) his voice was like the thunder, his tread like the elephant's—and he shouted to David, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with a staff?" and he cursed him by his gods! He continued: "Come to me!" and he waved his spear as if it were a feather, then with a laugh like the roar of a lion, "I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

To which the youth replied, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield"—then pointing to the heavens, for a moment—throwing up both arms, he exclaimed, "But I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth: that all the earth may know there is a God in Israel!" here he turned to his people:—"That all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands!"

Then the giant drew near unto David; at this the youth ran to meet him, and, while running, he took from his bag a stone and placed it in the sling; when, within a few feet of his enemy, he hurled it from the sling with the rapidity of lightning as it flashed through the deep, rolling clouds that gathered in the heavens. And truly the Lord of hosts was with David, for the stone pierced the very centre of Goliath's forehead and sank deep into the brain; he fell uttering tremendous groans, and then all was still. David ran and stood upon the body of his fallen foe, and with both hands, drew forth

the Philistine's sword from its sheath, and cut off his head. At this moment the clouds broke and drifted in all directions, and the sun appeared in its golden beauty as if—for so it was—God himself smiled upon the glorious conquest of this fearless and noble youth, who, we are told, "was one after His own heart!" The Philistines, seeing that the battle had changed from its former almost sure victory to now almost certain destruction, fled! Then from the armies of Israel and Judah, there went up a shout of joy that showed that courage had once more fired to their hearts, and with the fleetness of deer, they pursued their enemy even to the valley, and to the gates of Ekron. Many, very many, were they that the army of Israel slew of the Philistines.

Then David returned from the slaughter. Abner took him, and brought him before the king, and he carried in his hands the head of Goliath, and Saul said to him, "My brave youth, whose son art thou?" And David replied, with a low bow, "I am the son of thy servant Jesse, the Bethlehemite!"

After David had ceased speaking, Jonathan, the king's son, who was present, "felt that his soul was knit with the soul of David," and he exclaimed as he embraced him, "O most noble youth, I love you as my own soul," both went up in each other's arms and swore eternal friendship, and Jonathan "stripped himself" of his robe, that was upon him, and his garment, even to his sword, and to his bow and to his girdle," saying as he placed them on David, "most noble warrior! this will better adorn such as thee than they will the king's son who has done nothing worthy in this battle?"

When they returned from the fight, through the cities of Israel—for David was retained by Saul to be one of his court—fair women came out dancing to meet the king, "with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music."

And the women answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul hath slain his thousands! AND DAVID HIS TEENS OF THOUSANDS!"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Palestine, Past and Present.—The Evening Life—Robertson's Lectures and Addresses—The February Atlantic—Our Charlie—Littell's Living Age—Scouring of the White Horse—Christian Morals—Salvation by Christ—A new conquest of Mexico—Peter Codde's Trip.

We have rarely if ever, seen a more magnificent publication than the very beautiful one we have placed in order at the head of our article this week. Palestine, Past and Present, is, without exception the most superb work on the Holy Land ever issued, and its value and importance commensurate with its beauty. To begin—it is a royal octave, of 600 pages, with broad margins, printed on super-calendered paper, and magnificently illustrated with hundreds (apparently) of engravings in every style of art—the Steel, and very fine ones they are, by Sartain—the wood, many of them almost as fine as steel, by different engravers of Philadelphia—and the splendid chromographs in ten rich oil colors, by Rosenthal, all from original designs. The work is no less complete in a literary point of view. It contains the result of long and careful researches in the Holy Land—the natural, scientific, classical, and historical features of that land which is most interesting to the Christian world—all prepared with an amount of labor that is absolutely bewildering the further the reader advances into the work. The author, the Rev. Henry L. Osborne, has embraced every topic possibly pertaining to the land he describes, and on account of this fulness and accuracy, the work should be in the library of every minister of the Gospel, and every Bible student in the land. It is published by Messrs. James Challen & Son, Philadelphia, and will vie in beauty and mechanical finish with the publications of Messrs. Childs & Peterson which we have so often commended. The City of the Great King was from the same house, and the Palestine will form an excellent companion to that sumptuous and world-wide celebrated volume.

The old need consolation; when the golden bowl is about to be broken, and the shadows of the night of death are beginning to gather across the path of our declining years, then a call is made for light and comfort."—*The Evening of Life*, by the Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, a neat duodecimo from the well known religious press of Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and Messrs. Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia, is a book full of consolation.—The idea and plan of its arrangement are admirable. The best thoughts of the best authors—especially intended to comfort the aged and the dying—are here gathered together. From such an array (some of them standing this day in white robes around the throne of the Lamb in Heaven) as Bishop Hall, Edwards, Newton, Bunyan, Fenelon, Thomas A. Kempis, Payson, Blair, Cowper, Milton and a host of others. There never was a book better fitted for the purpose intended. "It is a congrega-

tion of the mighty dead and living supporting the tottering steps and holding up the hands of age to Heaven"—and it will be read with interest by all.

We have before directed the attention of our readers to the "Sermons" of the Rev. Fred. W. Robertson, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia. They are books that have sold, and still sell, like novels, several editions having been disposed of within the few months since the lamented author was first introduced to American readers. The same publishers have issued a fourth volume in their uniform series of his works—a volume entirely distinct from the others, and not numbered—entitled "Lectures and Addresses, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, England."—This volume should have even a wider circle of readers than the Sermons of the author, though many of the addressees possess the same elements of Christian love and exhortation that give character to the Sermons. There is a fresh and genial air about them as though the author had his heart in his work. He died young, though his works will live to a long career of usefulness.

The February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is already out, containing an unusually interesting table of contents. The Autocrat is in his old place, or rather the Professor is for him—is it *pro tem*?—as lively and agreeable as ever. By we see it stated that Dr. Holmes has refused to fall in the trick of *Ledger*-deceit, baited by a magician whom we need not name, in which the offer of \$5,000 was made him to write half a column weekly for the space of one year, to be placed side by side with the Mount Vernon Papers and "Coble's Stories." What has Everett to say to that refusal? We are glad that the Autocrat's affection for the Atlantic is so deep, though, indeed, it ought to be deep in such a sea as the Atlantic. The serial tale, *The Minister's Wooing*, a fine story of New England at the close of the Revolution, is continued; and there is a striking poem, *Hamlet* in Boston, which we believe to have been written by Julius Ward Howe.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, the publishers of *The Atlantic*, have recently issued another fine juvenile in addition to the three or four issued before the Holidays. Like all the others it is prettily embellished, and well written, and the reader will gather from the title, *Our Charlie, and What to Do with Him*, that it is a lively, pleasant little book, well calculated to make glad the hearts of the juveniles. It can be sent by mail, by addressing the publishers or Messrs. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

We cannot better command the attention of the reader to the present week's issue of that favorite periodical, *Littell's Living Age*, than by copying the table of contents, containing as it does the very cream of the foreign reviews and magazines. From Household Words there are Sultry December, Little Bell, and Siamese Women and Children: from Blackwood's Magazine, Cousin John's Property, a fine story, and that capital tale, Hanworth: from Fraser's Magazine a very readable review of Mr. Caird's Sermons: from the Economist, Napoleon and Piedmont, and the Autobiography of Catharine the Second: with other papers from the Leisure Hour, Examiner, etc., besides short pieces and poetry. We learn from it that the foundation stone of the monument to Hugh Miller has been laid at Cromarty. The entire base is very appropriate to be made of the old red sandstone taken from the quarry which was the first scene of Miller's geological researches. We again direct attention to this fine publication.

The long and anxiously looked for volume by the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* at Rugby, has at length appeared, within the past week, from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. The title of the work is characteristic:—*The Scouring of the White Horse; or the Long Vacation Holiday of a London Clerk*: By the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. We can safely promise the reader that it will be found at least as entertaining as the last named famous work. The White Horse is a hill in Berkshire, famous for its legends, customs and faint antiquarian tokens. The author has scoured the ground, and brought away a budget interesting, not only to Berkshire, but to all England, and not only to England, but America. Although an antiquarian story, apparently, the reader is coaxed into it by one who understands the sympathies of his age, and what with the real freshness of the slight tale of modern times that encircles it, and Doyle's capital serio-comic illustrations, of which there are several, the book is certainly one of the most enjoyable published within a long while. But that is not to be wondered at, for "Tom Brown," whoever he is, could not write a dull book.

An appropriate little volume for the pocket, to be taken out and read at odd moments, is one entitled *Christian Morals*, fresh from the press of Messrs. Jas. Challen & Son, Philadelphia, and written by the senior member of the firm. It will be found a fitting companion to his former little work, *The Gospel and its Elements*. It is a clear and well-written treatise, grouping practical suggestions with ab-

stract truths; suggestive of thought to the inquirer, and modes of action to the worker. It should have a place in every Sabbath School library, and be diligently read.

It is refreshing to meet a good, great book of sermons, like those, for instance, of Robertson, John Harris, Huntington, or one other who has passed the ordeal, and who is now before us in a most valuable and scholarly volume, Francis Weyland. Weyland is on the roll of great American preachers, and the new volume in question from his pen, *Salvation by Christ; a series of Discourses*, proves indeed that he has passed the ordeal. They are as trial sermons. They touch the deepest springs in the heart, until the reader trembles before the majesty of the pulpit, and worships with fresh devotion in the shadow of the cross. We like to see such books multiplied; and certainly the past year, with those we have named, and the sermons of Caird, Dr. Guthrie, and others we could name, has been rich in valuable works of this character. And one of the best in the list is Francis Weyland's volume.

We have been kindly favored by the publishers, Messrs. Jas. Challen & Son, Philadelphia, with the specimen sheets and illustrations of the new and voluminous *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, now in their press, and written by R. A. Wilson, Esq., a gentleman perhaps better qualified for such a work than any other author living, Prescott not excepted. We have not space here to refer to Judge Wilson's views of Mexican History and Antiquities, and of the character of Cortez, except to say that they differ very materially from those given by Prescott and Robertson.

The work will be one of vast importance, and of unusual historic interest and value, and, issued in the fine style characteristic of the house having it in hands, will command universal attention. Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, issue a new game, put up in a neat little box, and entitled *Peter Coddle's Trip to New York*. It is taken from Jessie, by Walter Aimwell, and will be found very entertaining.

### Death of W. H. Prescott.

Mr. Prescott, whose death was announced by telegraph on Saturday, was in his usual health at noon on Friday, when he was seized with paralysis, and died at 2 o'clock p. m.

Mr. Prescott was a son of the late Hon. Wm. Prescott, and was born in Salem on the 4th of May, 1796, but removed in early life with his parents to Boston, which has since been his home. He graduated at Harvard College with high honors in 1814. After leaving College he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He did not, however, long pursue the profession, but devoted himself to literature, in which he has gained a world wide reputation as one of the most accomplished historians of the age. The following are some of his principal works:

Biographical and Critical Miscellanies, 8vo; Hist. of the Conquest of Mexico, 3 vols. 8vo.; History of the Conquest of Peru, 2 vols. 8vo.; History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, 3 vols. 8vo.; History of the Reign of Philip II., 3 vols. 8vo.; Life of Charles V., after his Abdication, 8vo.; Life of Charles B. Brown, 8vo. These works have all been reprinted in London, and have a very extensive circulation both in this country and Europe.

Mr. Prescott has several times visited Europe, where he was received with marked distinction by the principal literary celebrities of the old world, where his distinguished reputation as a historian was as well known as in his native country.

In private life he was a most entertaining and genial companion; of unblemished moral reputation, kind and affectionate husband and father. He has left a widow and three children to mourn his sudden and untimely departure.

### THE FUTURE OF NEW YORK.

—A sanguine Gothic journal, but perhaps on good evidence, lets go the following on the future prospects of New York:

It is a pleasing consideration that, since New York, alike convenient to the South and the North, and so situated that the great West cannot grow without impelling it to a corresponding growth, is destined to become a city of several millions of people, it enjoys a situation unequalled for health, for the prosecution of an immense commerce, and for the rapid conveyance of its citizens and others from every part of its territory, already wide, if we take in its suburbs, to every other part. New York and its adjacent neighbors, in reality, all circling around one great business center, and all receiving their life-blood from the same heart, is destined, by the aid of newspaper puffs, or in spite of them, and no matter which, to extend from the Narrows to King's Bridge, some twenty miles, with a width of at least ten miles, including the harbor and rivers, and to cover a territory of a hundred and sixty square miles of land, with some thirty or forty square miles of water embraced within

## Times' Correspondence.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31st, 1859.

Congressional—The Pacific Rail Road Bill—The Consular and Diplomatic appropriation—A quarrel in the Senate—The Burns Centennial festival.

The Pacific Rail Road bill has at last been passed in the Senate, but in so emasculated a form, that its friends would have preferred its defeat to such a success. The bill now merely authorizes an inquiry into the expediency of passing the requisite appropriation at the next session of Congress. Senator Gwin is moving Heaven and Earth to bring about a re-consideration of the vote by which the bill, thus objectionably amended, was passed, but he will hardly be able to effect his aim.

In the House, the Consular and Diplomatic appropriation bill, was the source of much discussion in the early part of the week. This bill embraces among its provisions, an appropriation to defray the expenses of returning and providing for the captured negroes of the slaver Echo. This was opposed by many Southern Democrats, who uniting with the Northern opposition, managed to defeat the bill—but owing mainly to the exertions of Mr. Phelps of Missouri, the House subsequently re-considered its action, and the bill passed.

Last week when the Senate was in executive Session, some sharp words passed between Senators Fitch of Indiana and Douglas of Illinois. For a time it was thought that a duel would be the inevitable consequence, but, like all Washington duels nowadays, the dispute ended in a column of farcical "correspondence" between the two Senators, which appeared in the Union of Tuesday.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, the ploughman of Scotland, took place last Tuesday evening at the National Hotel. About five hundred gentlemen sat down at the festive board. The President of the celebration, was Senator Pearce of Maryland, the Vice President Hon. J. L. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives. James M. Carlisle, Esq., the most prominent member of the Washington bar, was the orator of the occasion. Speeches were also made by the President, Mr. Orr, John Mitchell the Editor of the Southern Citizen, and other distinguished gentleman. During the evening, telegraphic despatches were received from similar and simultaneous celebrations in the principal cities on this continent.

Miss Jane Davenport has been playing at our Theatre during the past week. People here were very much disappointed with Piccolomini—for although very fascinating in manner, she is decidedly inferior to Colson and Wilhorst in voice.

Senator Benjamin of Louisiana, has, after a fierce struggle, been re-elected to the United States Senate for six years, from the 4th of March next,

The weather although very variable in regard to dampness, has been mild during the whole of January, and Pennsylvania Avenue is every evening thronged with promenaders. Q.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Jan. 31st, 1859.

The Legislature at work—The Military System—The Smithsonian—A Registered letter—Money wanted for Charity—New Shop at the R. & G. Depot—The new Cent.

Dear Times : The House is still industriously engaged on the Revenue Bill, which, "like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," under the guiding care of Mr. Fries, of Forsyth; the motion to tax the salaries of clergymen and school-masters did not prevail, and it is a matter of rejoicing, that it did not; they work hard, are poorly paid, do a vast amount of good and cannot collect their salaries by law; it would seem very unjust, that the law should tax what it does not protect; the tax on gold-headed canes was remitted as too insignificant, having only produced \$80, last year; the tax on note-shavers is fixed at 10 per cent. on each transaction. The usury law was indefinitely postponed and the resolution to abolish the Geological Survey of the State has shared the same fate; all honor to those large-hearted men who nobly stood up for the credit of the State and the cause of Science. Gov. Morehead made a strong speech in defense of the labors of Dr. Emmons, quoting from foreign publications, the highest encomiums on his attainments and ability, and successfully defending him from the sneering assaults of those who cannot or will not take an interest in the relies of former ages.

The Senate have passed the Bill incorporating the Bank of Commerce, Newbern 25 to 9, permitting the issue of small notes; also the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad Bill, 22 to 14; the Bill to regulate the militia, after great efforts on the part of Gen. Edney, was postponed to the 4th of July next; the C. F. & D. R. Bill was rejected, and the

extension of the charter of the present Bank of the State has been specified over; so have the subjects of Railroads, new Counties, Temperance, Colleges, Savings Banks, &c., &c.

Important results were hoped from the operation of Gen. Edney's militia bill; the whole system wants remodelling, and until this is done, our annual parades, instead of being a pride and pleasure, will be a miserable show, a laughing stock to the boys and a nuisance to the community. It is gratifying to see the progress now being made by two of the oldest towns in the State, Hillsboro and Charlotte, the cradles of our infant liberties, in the establishment of Military Schools. We are pleased to learn that the former, under the care of Col. Tew, has some forty boys already, and both are destined in time to have a most important bearing on the future well being of the State. Our friends, the Orange Guards are thinking of celebrating the occasion of laying the cornerstone of the school, and when they undertake anything, you may be certain they will "put it through right." Our metropolis is now shorn of one of its chief glories, in the decay of the renowned "O. C. G." once they stood pre-eminent, now the name is only mentioned, to regret the short-lived brilliancy of its career; of all the galaxy of noble names which glittered on their roll, scarce one remains :

"The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,  
They hear not, they heed not;  
No sound can awake them to glory again."

We are much pleased with the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, containing the Proceedings of the Board of Regents, (Hon. G. E. Badger is a member) and sundry essays on important scientific matters. We extract an item or two: Miss Contaxakie, of Athens, Greece, has presented a "Classical Bouquet," the work of her own hands, as a token of her admiration for our country and her institutions. It consists of illustrations of the principal monuments and places in Greece; these are explained by quotations from the ancient authors, in the original, beautifully illuminated and adorned with flowers culled from the spots. The volume is bound in blue velvet and silver, and enclosed in a richly carved case of olive wood, cut from the academic groves of Plato's school; the lady herself is the daughter of a Cretan patriot, exiled and ruined by the Turks; she has been educated under the care of Rev. Dr. Hill, the American missionary at Athens. The work gained a Diploma at the Paris Exhibition of '55. A traveler in Venezuela reports having visited the "Zaapan," an enormous tree described by Humboldt in 1801; on careful measurement, he found its diameter to be 206 ft. 11 in.; Humboldt's figures are 204 ft. Your readers may amuse themselves in calculating its age and the shade it affords; its height and the diameter of its trunk are not given.

An interesting case was presented for our decision on the street the other day, and we refer to it the Times. A registered letter was received at this office and delivered to a person representing himself to be the legal owner thereof, and forging the right name to the recipient; the letter contained \$10. The point at issue is: can the P. M. be held individually responsible at law, if he has exercised due care and taken all the precautions required by the Departments.

The Institution for the Deaf & Dumb and Blind is before the Legislature with a petition for \$20,000, for the purpose of extending greater accommodation to the unfortunate under its charge; it is a meritorious charity, well conducted, and does a vast deal of good.

The R. & G. R. R. Co. contemplate a great improvement at their depot, by erecting a large work shop; they have advertised for a million of bricks.

We have been presented by one of our friends with a new "cent," expressive of his high regard. It is a very great improvement on its predecessor; the "bazaar," which so ostentatiously spread its wings all over one side of the first, has given way to a very graceful portrait of an Indian girl, adorned with a circlet of Eagle's feathers, radiating from a bandeau around the head and inscribed with the word "Liberty." Yours, &c. P. S. S.

NEWS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.—Letters have been received in Glasgow from Dr. David Livingstone, to Sept. 14th. He had reached Tete, in the river Zambezi, which he entered by a side branch 70 miles above its mouth. Passage on the river had been obstructed by war between the natives and the Portuguese, but he had an English passport which was respected by both parties. He had sent up an advance party to Tete, of whom thirty had died of small pox, and six had been killed by a chief in the neighborhood. The Portuguese Governor of the colony would not entertain any proposals of peace, the rebels being mostly runaway slaves. Two of them, who acted as pilots for Dr. Livingstone, wanted him to buy them, so as to get out of the trouble. He is of opinion that the Zambezi is navigable in its entire length by steamers of shallow draft, although the Portuguese have reported to the contrary. At Lupala, the doctor's party had found

coal, and had over a ton dug, the first ever dug in the country. The coal-field was an immense one, and many of the seams crooked out. The best iron ore also abounds, and fine cotton grows wild, after it has once been sown. One kind is long in staple. Another is short and strong, clings to the seed, and feels to the touch more like wool than cotton. They also found lignum vita and ebony. The small craft in which Dr. L. ascended was the first that ever arrived at Tete by steam, and she was regarded by the natives as another Leviathan.

## Cheap Postage.

Instead of increasing the letter postage from three to five cents, as proposed by the Postmaster General, the Journal of Commerce desires to see the rates reduced to 2 cents as an experiment, and with the British example in view, it believes that the amount received from letter postage would be equally increased. The British Government tried a four penny uniform rate at first, and it failed. We quote:

"With an estimated excess of expenditures over receipts of \$6,260,440 for postage in the year 1859, the Postmaster General favors a return to the five per cent rate—making that uniform for all distances, and abolishing the 3,000 mile limit. Under the present system, with a population nearly equal to that of Great Britain, the total number of letters passing through the post office per annum is only a little over one hundred million (102,139,148), while in Great Britain, with the uniform penny postage, it is upwards of four hundred million, (410,817,489.) It is just nineteen years since the penny postage was established there—the 10th of January, 1840, being the day on which it was commenced. Its effect in increasing letter writing was at once apparent—the number of letters despatched on that day from London being 112,000; while the average for January of the previous year was only 80,000."

And we would add, if the Department would give a little more attention to the systematising of their routes, millions of money would be saved to the government annually, that is now uselessly squandered. We advocate the fullest of mail facilities to the people, yet there are thousands of unnecessary routes in operation at a great cost to the government, and of no additional convenience to the people.—With our limited acquaintance with the mail routes, we could name a great many in this State alone, costing thousands of dollars annually. The subject is worth the attention of the Department in their present investigations.

## Drinking among Young Men.

The Philadelphia Sun truly says that indiscriminate drinking among our young men must eventually make its mark upon the population of our cities. We can see it already betraying itself in the rising generations. It is impossible for any man to drink even pure liquors six or seven times a day without suffering severely in constitution. And when he transmits this impaired constitution to his son, who in turn transmits it still further by the same course, it requires little foresight to see that we are preparing a population for our cities that will not, in physical frame, be much better than the wretched Aztecs.—

Fourth.—The Associate Synod of North America, which met in the First Associate Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., May 19, 1858.

Fifth.—The General Synod of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, which met in Alleghany city, Pa., the 17th of May, 1857.

Sixth.—The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in North America, which held its last sessions in Eden, Illinois, May 27, 1852.

Seventh.—The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which met in Huntsville, Ala., May 20, 1858.

Eighth.—The Associate Reformed Synod of the South, held in Providence Church, Augusta county, Va., October 12, 1857.

Ninth.—The Reformed Presbyterian Church in North America, which met in Northwood, Ohio, May, 1857 but did not meet in 1858.

These are the names of the members of the Family—names enough, certainly, to be considered respectable, if numbers signify.—*Witnes.*

LIBERAL.—Over \$35,000 has been subscribed for the establishment of a Methodist Female College, at Montgomery, Alabama.

SHOWER OF BERRIES.—The wife of Mr. Berry, of Portsmouth, Va., on last Sunday, presented her husband with three babies—two boys and a girl.

Coal Fields Rail Road aid bill, from the Senate, passed the House Monday night 44 to 41.

STOCKS.—The New York Day Book of the 27th inst., reports sale of North Carolina six per cent, stocks at 98½; Tennessee 6s at 90; Virginia 6s at 96½.

## Iron Making in North Carolina.

The resources of North Carolina for iron making are thus set forth in the *American Railway Times* of the 9th January, in an article on the iron production of the United States; "North Eastern Tennessee and North-western North Carolina have nine furnaces and forty-one blooming forges in a compact area. Along the base of the Cumberland Mountains, five furnaces and fourteen forges use the Keystone fossil, upper Silurian ore. In the South-western corner of North Carolina are five forges, and through the middle of the State runs a belt of five furnaces, and twenty-seven forges. This whole country possesses incalculable resources for iron making, and must become at some distant day one of the great centres."

## Rev. Brantley Yorke.

He has been a very useful local preacher in the N. C. Conference.

He has for many years done great service to the Church and to the public as a devoted and successful teacher.

But now as the evening of life is casting its shadows upon him, he has become blind.

To obtain the means of living for himself and a helpless family, he travels over the country, teaching English Grammar to classes, in a series of lectures. We learn from competent witnesses that his method is successful, and admirably adapted to communicate a correct knowledge of the grammar of our language, in a very short time.

Bro. Yorke also has, in manuscript, a carefully prepared English grammar, the result of years of labor and investigation. Disinterested gentlemen of high literary attainments, who have seen this manuscript, assure us its publication would be a very valuable contribution to that department of learning. Bro. Yorke proposes to publish this Grammar by subscription. And we very heartily commend his enterprise to the favorable consideration and liberal aid of our readers. We trust also that the blind scholar will receive liberal patronage as a teacher of Grammar, in every community which he may be able to favor with a visit.—N. C. Adv.

PRESBYTERANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Few persons outside of the Presbyterian Church—perhaps few Presbyterians themselves—have any just idea of the numbers, and power for good, of the great Presbyterian Family. The Presbyterian Church is not composed, as is generally understood, of two, or at most three or four grand divisions.—It has nine branches in the United States alone.

We may begin (to follow Mr. Joseph M. Wilson's Historical Almanac) with the Old School General Assembly, which met in New Orleans last May. That is one and the largest branch of the family.

Second.—The New School Assembly, which met in Chicago, Illinois, in the same month of May.

Third.—The United Synod of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which met in Knoxville in April last.

Fourth.—The Associate Synod of North America, which met in the First Associate Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., May 19, 1858.

Fifth.—The General Synod of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, which met in Alleghany city, Pa., the 17th of May, 1857.

Sixth.—The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in North America, which held its last sessions in Eden, Illinois, May 27, 1852.

Seventh.—The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which met in Huntsville, Ala., May 20, 1858.

Eighth.—The Associate Reformed Synod of the South, held in Providence Church, Augusta county, Va., October 12, 1857.

Ninth.—The Reformed Presbyterian Church in North America, which met in Northwood, Ohio, May, 1857 but did not meet in 1858.

These are the names of the members of the Family—names enough, certainly, to be considered respectable, if numbers signify.—*Witnes.*

LIBERAL.—Over \$35,000 has been subscribed for the establishment of a Methodist Female College, at Montgomery, Alabama.

SHOWER OF BERRIES.—The wife of Mr. Berry, of Portsmouth, Va., on last Sunday, presented her husband with three babies—two boys and a girl.

Coal Fields Rail Road aid bill, from the Senate, passed the House Monday night 44 to 41.

STOCKS.—The New York Day Book of the 27th inst., reports sale of North Carolina six per cent, stocks at 98½; Tennessee 6s at 90; Virginia 6s at 96½.

STOCKS.—The New York Day Book of the 27th inst., reports sale of North Carolina six per cent, stocks at 98½; Tennessee 6s at 90; Virginia 6s at 96½.

CHINAMAN'S OATH.—Great trouble has been experienced in California to make Chinamen understand the solemnity of an oath. They will take it readily, but they are not afraid of breaking it—at least when prescribed in the ordinary way. Knowing the horror the Chinese have of being buried anywhere except in their own dear native land, a shrewd California justice of the peace has hit on the following oath to bring John Chinaman up to date.

"You do solemnly swear that you will tell the truth in the case now on hearing and if you don't you hope to be drowned on your way to Canton, and go to hell afterwards."

## New Advertisements.

## Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00	\$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	15.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	25.00	36.00
One column	15.00	50.00	60.00
Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....			\$5.00

RENTAL OF STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT BARGAINS!!! AS WE ARE DETERMINED TO close our business, we offer our entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods at astonishingly low prices. Those in want of any of the above mentioned articles will find it to their utmost interest to give us an early call. We warrant to sell fifty per cent cheaper than any other house in this market.

S. ARCHER & CO.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

## \$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch,

## THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Feb. 5, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors.

## Contributors.

We present a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

D. C. CUTHBERT, D. D.,  
W. H. HUNTER,  
J. STARK HOLLOWAY,  
M. L. HUTCHINSON,  
T. WOODRUFF LEWIS,  
S. J. C. WHALEY,  
S. J. C. WHALEY,  
WILLIE E. PABOR,  
INA CLAYTON,  
ANNA M. BATES,  
GRACE MILWOOD,  
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,  
Mr. G. E. COOKE,  
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,  
and others.

GEO. W. CUTHERN,  
R. G. STAPLES,  
STEPHEN F. MILLER,  
P. T. COOPER,  
MATILDA C. SMILEY,  
FINLEY JOHNSON,  
LODGE H. COOK,  
CLARA AUGUSTA,  
A. PERRY SPERRY,  
Mrs. A. C. COOKE,  
PAUL RIVINGTON,  
Mdm. O. W. LAVERET,  
M. S. W. COOKE,  
CHARLES E. W. DOBBES,  
H. A. DWIGHT,  
and others.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM SPIRITUALLY CONSIDERED:  
or The Church of Rome the Apostasy. By  
CHARLES P. JONES, of the North-Carolina  
Conference.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this work. Its object may thus be briefly stated by an extract from the preface:—

"The doctrines in controversy between Protestants and Roman Catholics involve the truth of God and the salvation of souls. They also involve the progress and well-being of society, as they affect civil and religious liberty. They merit, therefore, at our hands, an earnest, searching, thorough investigation. If the Church of Rome hold, as she affirms, the only true doctrine, and if out of her pale there is no salvation, it behoves every one to know it. If, however, she is in error, has 'fallen away,' is the Great Apostasy, so clearly revealed and graphically described in prophecy, it is equally important that all should know it."

In this extract the author has stated his object—the searching after truth. And as he pursues his studies—the prophetic announcement and description of the Great Apostasy, compared with the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome, he finds, that in general terms, the Church of Rome, in name, position, and practice, fulfills the prediction. The work has been a laborious one and the author has brought to its accomplishment a logical mind, a discriminating judgment, and a persevering research. Searchers after truth—after a reason for their faith, will read this work with great pleasure and profit. Besides the intrinsic merits of the work, which should give it an extensive sale, the author is a native of our State; he lives and is known among us, and as a Southerner, should meet with encouragement at home, commensurate with the value of his work.

## How Printing Types are Made.

"Of making many books there is no end."

In uttering this truth Solomon must have been permitted with a prophetic spirit to have lift the veil of time, and look upon the busy marts of the nineteenth century; for it is evident the slow process of writing books upon parchment cannot be compared with the facilities of this day; more than the sailing of a balloon with the mighty sweep of the Earth in its orbit.

Books and newspapers are read and thrown about every day with indifference, little or no thought ever being bestowed upon the vast skill and labor which produced them. We have thought therefore, that in article descriptive of the process of making Type &c. might be interesting to our readers, and recently while passing through the Type and Stereotype Foundry of L. Johnson & Co., Philadelphia, we obtained the following information.

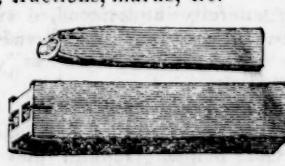
An idler, sauntering listlessly along Sansom or Swainwick Street, might glance with little interest at the massive pigs of lead which sturdy men are carrying into the tall building on the corner. It is lead, and nothing more—the symbol of dulness and stupidity, and worth the market price, six or seven cents a pound perhaps.—But if he were told that the skill, talent, and ingenuity of the occupants of that building converted this common material into shapes which, in some cases, commanded three dollars a pound, he might feel sufficient curiosity to ask for admittance and permission to observe the curious processes which can transmute so base a metal into such valuable forms.



METAL-HOUSE.

Permission being courteously granted, he is first ushered into the metal-house. Here is a grim-visaged man standing before a large cauldron, and stirring with a long-handled ladle a molten combination, of which lead, copper, and antimony, are the principal constituents. A metallic vapor is slowly escaping up the chimney, as it were the grosser nature of the metal exorcised, and leaving behind a mixture of better potency than that concocted by the witches in Macbeth.—The floor is coved with iron pans containing small compartments, into which the metal-mixer pours the sparkling, silvery-looking compound. This is now type-metal, ready for the caster's use—a substance easily fused by heat, but hard and brittle when cold.

The visitor next ascends to the punch-cutter's room. One of the workmen is cutting steel punches for a new font of type. His eye is hidden by a magnifying glass. Before him lie delicate files and gauges. With skilful finger, he is fashioning a letter on the end of a strip of softened steel; a touch here, and a touch there, and the constant testing by a gauge—so he proceeds in his beautiful work, till, letter by letter, in the course of weeks the alphabets composing a font are completed—capitals and small letters, Roman and Italic, small capitals, figures, fractions, marks, &c.



PUNCHES.

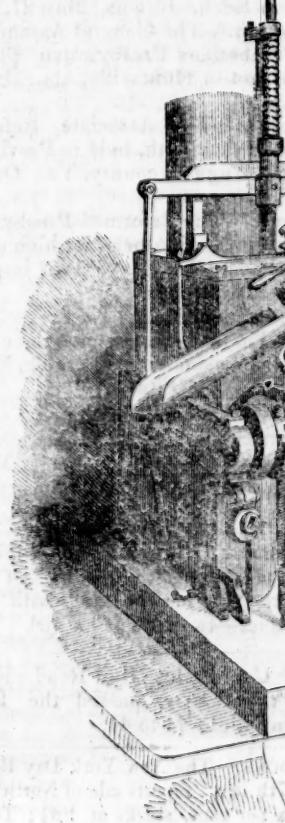
The punches are carried into the justifier's room. Here, one by one they are adjusted in a machine, and an oblong piece of copper previously prepared is laid under it, and by one motion of the machine an impression deep and durable is made in the copper. The justifier accurately files and squares up the pieces of copper, which are now called *matrices*, one for every letter and sign used in printing. This



MATRIX.

is exceedingly nice work, as the variation of a hair in breadth or thickness

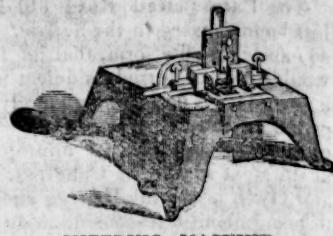
with a little jet of metal attached to its lower end. The jets are broken off by boys, and the type is carried into the finishers' room. To reach this, the visitor ascends an airy yet substantial iron staircase (reminding one of the famous bridge at Niagara), springing from the main building to the large uppermost story of the Sansom Street Hall. Here is a busy hive of men and boys. The floor is nearly covered with circular stones, on which the rough edges of the broad sides of the types are polished to a glassy



TYPE-CASTING MACHINE.

smoothness. This operation is performed with a wonderful deftness.—Another class of boys now set up the types in long lines (the different letters and signs being always kept separate), and pass them over to the dressers, who work at tables arranged all around the walls. They undergo a searching scrutiny through a magnifying glass, and the defective types being rejected, the remainder—a line at a time—are tightly screwed up and grooved at the bottom. After being nicely scraped on the narrow sides, the types are now arranged in pages of a convenient size, and tied up and papered, and sent down to the ware-rooms ready for use or sale. A printing type may have been small and contemptible in the visitor's estimation; yet now, having learned that the services of ten persons are requisite to produce a single letter, and having witnessed somewhat of the skill and accuracy displayed by the workmen, he looks upon the potent bits of metal with profound respect, and per-

table-work, &c. Here also the electrotype cuts are blocked on mahogany, of type-height, so as to be used in the same page with printing type. Machines and appliances for accurate and expeditious work abound in this room, not the least curious of which is a machine for mitering rules for diagrams of almost every shape.



MITERING MACHINE.

At this stage, the visitor perhaps feels that he has never witnessed so many curious and interesting processes in so short a space, and comprised in a single establishment. But he is not through yet. He is conducted into the stereotype department.

The three rooms he now passes through are occupied by compositors and proof-readers, and filled with hundreds upon hundreds of cases of uncounted varieties of type. These men of thoughtful face and nimble fingers make visible and practical the ethereal mental operations of the gifted few of humanity; and their long experience and cultivated taste not unfrequently lay authors under obligation by valuable suggestive hints. Here perhaps twenty or thirty volumes are at once in hand—from the ponderous quarto to the tiniest booklet for children; the exact sciences—history, music, and poetry—figures and works—books for the learned, the not-so-learned, and the simple—all at once assuming body and perpetuity. Type by type, line after line is formed in the composing stick, till the pages are made out, which are then securely fastened in an



haps philosophizes on their mighty influence on the weal of mankind.



TYPE, LETTER M.

In an adjoining room, large types and borders for show-bills are cast.—These are necessarily slow in cooling, and are therefore cast in handmoulds. If the visitor should inadvertently pick up one for examination, he would probably drop it involuntarily, to the mortal detriment of his fingers as well as of the type.

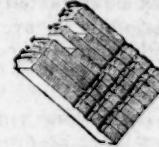
He now enters the stereotype department. Here he sees a press, moulds, and galvanic batteries; but hears no noise. Nature works silently. His admiration is excited by the perfect and beautiful appearance of the moulds which are taken from pages of type or from wood-cuts, and which, after a certain preparation, are placed in the batteries. Quietly but effectually the electric current precipitates a copper coating over the surface of the mould, producing an almost indestructible fac-simile of the original. A metal filling is run upon the back of the plate, which is properly trimmed, and the operation is complete. Multitudes of wood-cuts, of every variety of design, are here produced from patterns got up by the establishment, and exhibited in their Book of Specimens.

Another room contains skilful workers in brass and wood; for this establishment is so complete as to be able to produce or furnish everything requisite for printers' use. Printing blocks superior to any made in Europe, galleys, cases, stands, racks, boxes for packing type or stereotype plates, &c., are manufactured here, as well as



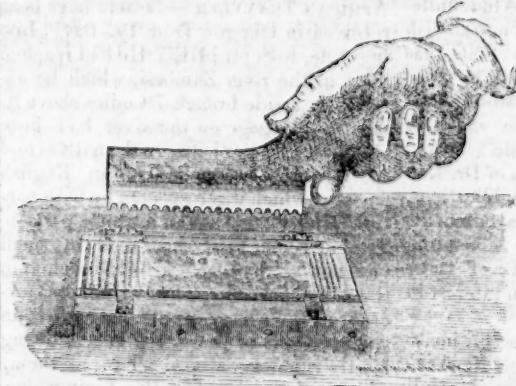
COMPOSITOR.

iron frame called a *chase*, and a proof is taken. This is read; the errors (humanity's failing) marked and corrected; another proof taken, and sent to the author. When it has been returned by him, it is read again—in some cases re-read—and then the pages are sent to the stereotype casting-room.



TYPE IN COMBINATION.

Here a frame (called a *flask*), with a screw in each corner, is placed around the pages; the surface of the type is oiled, and a mixture of gypsum and water, marvellously suggestive of buckwheat batter, is lightly run over it, and rolled in skilfully to expel the air, so that the plaster shall fill every crevice. Enough of the mixture is afterwards poured on to form the mould of a proper thickness. It is then smoothed evenly, and allowed to set, or harden. When this takes place, the flask, with the plaster mould adhering to it, is gently raised from the type by means of screws, and the mould is placed in a fiery oven to have every particle of moisture evaporated from it. The caster arranges in an iron pan as many of the dried and now brittle moulds as will fill it.—A cover is then clamped on, and screwed fast. The pan is laid on the surface of a glistening caldron of a thousand pounds or more of liquid type-metal, which is allowed to run gently into apertures at the corners of the pan. By the aid of the arm of a crane, the whole is then forced down in the mass of molten metal. After a short time it is lifted by means of the crane, and deposited carefully into a trough in which water slowly flows. The hissing and spluttering of the water as it comes into contact with the warm



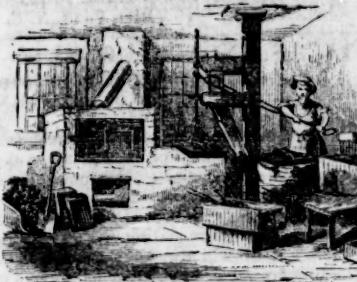
STEREOTYPE PRINTING BLOCK AND PLATE.

brass rule of plain or fanciful styles, either in long strips, or cut accurately to picas ems, from one to fifty ems long, for the convenience of printers in



COMPOSING STICK.

hearted pan impel the visitor involuntarily to step backward. When sufficiently cool, the pan is laid on a block, and its contents are removed. The moulds are ruined, surely enough; but from the crumbling ruins the solid stereotype plates come forth, instinct with science or sentiment. While one pan of moulds is cooling in the water, another is being placed in the cauldron; and so, in a continued course, the operation proceeds throughout the day. The plates, having been cleansed from the adhering fragments of the moulds, are sent to the stereotype finishing-room for inspection. If they are approved, any minor defects arising from wind-holes in the moulds are removed, and the plates are turned and shaved down on the back to a uniform thickness; proved again, bevelled on the



STEREOTYPE CASTER.

sides, and packed up in nice little compartments in boxes, which are labelled, ready for the pressman.

The visitor next turns into a little room adjoining, where the wood-engravers are at work. Here his curious eye is delighted with specimens of beautiful wood-cuts; and no wonder that he marvels at the skill which can portray life and character so exquisitely by means of delicate touches with a graver on the surface of a block of hard wood.

A small printing-room is next glanced at, where the standing and general appearance of new types are tested, and where the elegant specimen sheets and the quarterly publication of the establishment are printed, with all possible care and accuracy.

Descending now to the lower story, the visitor enters the warerooms.—He looks around at the immense number of packages of types of various styles on the shelves encompassing the rooms—he marks the busy operations of book-keeper, clerks, and persons employed in putting up and sending away to all parts of our country articles ordered by numerous customers—he rapidly glances over one of the ingenious and elegantly printed "Specimen Books," which exhibits an impression of a line or more of all the kinds of type manufactured here, he runs over the columns of the "Typographic Advertiser," a quarterly paper edited and published by the firm—he peeps into a large fireproof chamber, connecting with the warerooms, which keeps out of harm's way the thousands of punches and of the matrices in which types are cast—and he must be of an exceedingly uncommon species of man if he does not now entertain the idea that a vast amount of skill, talent, and industry, is requisite to originate and keep in successful operation a business so multifariously intricate. Nor would he be wrong in such a conclusion; and he would furnish good indications of the possession of an intelligent mind desirous of new acquisitions, if he should inquire into the history of American type-founding in general, and of this establishment in particular.

The permanent establishment and increase of printing-offices in the colonies naturally incited attempts to produce domestic printing types. The first successful effort on record was made in 1739, by Christopher Sowers, a printer in Germantown, Pennsylvania, who cast types for his own use, and who was followed more extensively by his son. A German Bible is said to have been printed by him.—Benjamin Franklin brought materials for a type foundry from England, and succeeded in producing a few type and metal ornaments. These partial endeavors to introduce the art in a new country served to open the way to the success of others of superior skill and cultivation. At least seven experiments had been made previous to the advent of Messrs. Binny & Ronaldson. One of these had been in operation from about 1784 to 1790, when

John Baine, who had essayed it and had found full employment, died, and his foundry was closed. The type for twenty-one volumes of an Encyclopedia printed by Dobson was cast at this foundry.

Messrs. Binny & Ronaldson, in 1796, purchased the materials and tools of preceding experimenters, laid the foundation of the present Philadelphia Type Foundry. Mr. Binny's ingenuity soon effected a series of valuable improvements. The stiffness and irregularity of the types in former use were avoided, and the long f and various compound letters were abandoned. A new hand-mould was invented, so perfect that it was never superseded until the recent introduction of machine-moulds. The reputation of these founders was widely extended. Isaiah Thomas's "History of Printing" was executed from types manufactured by them. In 1815, the partnership was ended by the withdrawal of Mr. Binny. Of him, it was said by his partner, Mr. James Ronaldson, "It is due to his character and talents to state, as my humble opinion, that the letter founding owes more of its improvement and simplification to him than to any other individual, since its invention. Archibald Binny we must consider as the father and successful introducer of letter founding into the United States."

The Philadelphia foundry was carried on for a few years longer by Mr. J. Ronaldson, when his brother Richard assumed the business. He in turn was succeeded by Mr. L. Johnson and Mr. George F. Smith, under the title of Johnson & Smith.

Mr. Smith had long before been connected with the foundry, as the head of its mechanical department, which he continued to oversee for ten years, the period of the duration of the new firm. Mr. Johnson was a native of England, and had emigrated to this country in his boyhood. He became a printer, and early gave evidence of the possession of remarkable shrewdness and energy of character. Notwithstanding the many obstacles which oppose an experimenter in a new and scarcely understood art, he succeeded in establishing an efficient stereotype foundry; and his imprint soon became "familiar as a household word" on the title page of numerous standard and popular books circulating throughout the country. The accession of the new firm was signalized by the publication of a thick and substantial "Book of Specimens" of their type, which was perhaps twenty times as large as the original "Specimen Book" of this foundry, and evinced a determination to keep the establishment in the first rank.

The introduction of a type-casting machine was soon after effected with decided success. The improvements devised by Mr. Binny in the hand-mould were a marked advance for his times, and productive of great advantages; but the successful application of machinery to type-making is an era in the art deserving of commemoration. The machine introduced into this foundry was invented by Mr. David Bruce, Jr., of New York.—He peeps into a large fireproof chamber, connecting with the warerooms, which keeps out of harm's way the thousands of punches and of the matrices in which types are cast—and he must be of an exceedingly uncommon species of man if he does not now entertain the idea that a vast amount of skill, talent, and industry, is requisite to originate and keep in successful operation a business so multifariously intricate. Nor would he be wrong in such a conclusion; and he would furnish good indications of the possession of an intelligent mind desirous of new acquisitions, if he should inquire into the history of American type-founding in general, and of this establishment in particular.

The permanent establishment and increase of printing-offices in the colonies naturally incited attempts to produce domestic printing types. The first successful effort on record was made in 1739, by Christopher Sowers, a printer in Germantown, Pennsylvania, who cast types for his own use, and who was followed more extensively by his son. A German Bible is said to have been printed by him.—Benjamin Franklin brought materials for a type foundry from England, and succeeded in producing a few type and metal ornaments. These partial endeavors to introduce the art in a new country served to open the way to the success of others of superior skill and cultivation. At least seven experiments had been made previous to the advent of Messrs. Binny & Ronaldson. One of these had been in operation from about 1784 to 1790, when

Tobacco, in excess, fouls the breath, discolors the teeth, soils the complexion, deranges the nerves, reduces vitality, impairs the sensibility to beauty and to pleasure, begets intemperance, promotes idleness and degrades the man.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
The Broken String.  
BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

It is the voice of years that are gone, I seize the tales as they pass, and pour them forth in song.—*Ossian*.

I. Knew I once, a maiden fair,  
And beautiful as thou,  
With her pale, rich auburn hair,  
And pure and pearly brow?  
Eyes, like some o'ercast sunbeam,  
In shadows gone astray;  
Laden, like a mournful dream,  
Melting in golden day.

II. To her cheek, and in her heart,  
A change full early came;  
That would flush, this wildly start,  
At whisper of one name!  
Saw I her, in spotless white,  
A manly form beside,  
On a blue, sweet summer night,  
A youthful, radiant bride.

III. "Roses died in Autumn's arms,  
And Winter made their grave;  
Spring wood back her trout charms,  
To greenwood and wild wave;  
Summer in her tomb was laid,  
And one dim autumn day,  
Angels came to earth, and made  
Discordant life's rich lay!

IV. "Deep in shadows, where the sighs  
Of night winds sadly sweep—  
Collin-hill, her hazel eyes—  
They laid her down to sleep!  
Shattered were the silver strings  
Of her heart's harp, lady;  
Madly, and on restless wings,  
He wandered land and sea!

V. "Ah! but sunshine is away  
Behin' the gloomiest cloud;  
And anon, some struggling ray  
Will gild the dismal shroud;  
Years, a thick mossmantle spread,  
Pearl-ged, above her grave,  
Eric Fate's star the rover led,  
Back o'er the ocean wave."

VI. "Ah, but music soft and low,  
To Love's frail, river cord,  
Sweet as strains of long ago,  
Had Time restored, my lord?"  
"Lady, no—but—" her dark eye,  
Beneath his, trembling fell;  
Like a summer evening sigh,  
She faintly faltered—"well?"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
EVA—A Tale.

BY ROBERT G. STAPLES.

**E**Y trunk was being lashed to the carriage which was to convey me to the wharf of the steamer Ocean, in which I was to take passage for the city of P., on a visit to some of my literary friends, with whom I had long been familiar by correspondence.

I was standing on the stoop in the act of taking leave of my friends, when my attention was attracted towards an old gentleman whose face bore the signs of deep solicitude for the pale invalid who was borne in a chair by two negroes. They were very gentle in their movements, and seemed to feel a deep anxiety lest they might disturb the gentle and frail creature they bore so steadily forward. The invalid was a young girl whose face, white as parian, bore evident signs of deep sorrow. There was in the mild blue eyes, at times, a fitful gaze and strange light, indicative of a mind impaired by some great shock.

Although I had never met with these persons, still I felt an interest, and all my sympathies were enlisted in their history, be it what it might.

The gentleman who accompanied the young lady presented the appearance of a man of about seventy years. His hair was silvered with the frost of winters, and gave his features a subdued and melancholy cast.

Taking leave of my friends, I directed the hackman to drive on, and I would meet with him at the steamboat landing. My object was to follow the party named, so as to ascertain their stopping place, with the hope of hearing at some future time the life history of this beautiful invalid. I had not followed far before I discovered, by their conversation, that they were to take passage in the same boat with myself. I quickened my pace so as to pass them, without seeming to have been inquisitive, and was soon at the landing, when I dismissed the hackman, and took my seat where I could obtain a good view when the party should arrive. The last bell was tolling as they came on board, and the steamer soon glided down the beautiful stream like a thing of life.

I took the first opportunity of introducing myself to the venerable companion of the fair invalid, and found him to be the parent of an old college chum with whom I had passed many a pleasant hour, but of whom I had heard nothing since our college days. We were said to resemble one another very much in our school-days, which must have continued, as Mr. Sinclair remarked the great resemblance I bore to his son. We passed the time very pleasantly in general conversation, without reverting to the invalid, until within a short distance of the city, when I expressed an interest in his companion. Immediately the tears started to the eyes of the strong man, and coursed their way down his

checks. For a moment he was speechless. At length he replied:

"I do not think, my young friend, that you are prompted by curiosity alone to hear the life history of my Eva—if I did, I should administer a just rebuke."

I assured him that it was from sympathy alone I sought the information asked for, but if painful to him I would gladly drop the subject.

"No, no," he replied, "you shall be gratified—I can trust you. If you will call at the Howard House this evening at 7, you will find me and I will then relate *Eva's History*."

As the reader will readily surmise, I was punctual in the appointment, and a few minutes after seven found me closeted with Mr. Sinclair.

"To make a long story short," he said, "I will not go fully into detail. Suffice it to say that our heroine lacked none of those beauties of character which adorn the Southern lady. Her beauty of person contrasted well with that of character, although Eva was no paragon of beauty, yet the gentle, subdued manner which was her characteristic won her many friends and admirers. At the age of seventeen her hair was a shade darker than now—her eyes a brighter hue. She was none the less fair of complexion, and on either cheek bloomed the rose hue of health, which, alas! has faded away like the color of the rose beneath the scorching rays of the sun of sorrow. Fading, still fading, like the last beams of the sun at evening, she is fast nearing the portal of the grave, and soon the places which know her now will know her no more forever. Like the song which, in her rational moments, she sings so wildly, she is *passing away*! Listen, she is singing now:

"From the world's busy scenes I am passing away,  
As the dark mist of eve from the splendor of day,  
Like the leaf of the forest at autumn's chill breath,  
I shall wither beneath the cold finger of death;  
As a dream when the sleeper awakes with surprise,  
Will pass the bright visions of time from our eyes;  
And the many past scenes I have witnessed unfold  
Shall be to my spirit a tale that is told.

"Life's drama is fallen—its flowers are serene—  
And nothing remains but the shroud and the tear;  
Ye spirits now passed to the mansions of rest,  
My bridegroom—now with the ransomed—the blest—  
That we meet is my hope, my joy and my trust:  
Welcome the call that consigns me to dust! Let me go where the dead are of ages long past—  
Where the flowers ne'er fade in the breath of the blast!"

As the last lingering notes died upon the profound stillness, a wild sob, which made the tear start to my eyes, was the evident sign of a mind shattered by containing emotions.

My companion of the hour remained with his head bowed in anguish, and I for several moments appeared buried in the deepest thought. At length he aroused to a knowledge of my presence and continued the "life history."

"Eva was the courted of many admirers. Among her suitors the most prominent were my son, whose widow she now is, and another of doubtful character, Stanley Meredith.

Meredith had not been long in the village of N., when he commenced addressing Eva. He was much admired by the prevailing belles, but was soon repulsed by Eva, as her hand was pledged to my son, who at the time was absent at school.

"The time was near at hand when William would return with the honors of a collegiate course. Already had Meredith proposed several times and as often been rejected. Meredith was equally as comely as my son, and by many more admired—but there was a snakish glare in his eye, which aroused my suspicion of his character the first time I ever met with him, and by enquiry and close observation, I was not long in discovering to my own satisfaction that he was one who frequented the Buchanan board, and lingered long at the gaming table.

"It was a pleasant evening in July—the stars shed their brilliancy, undimmed by the lustre of the moon, and the canopy above presented a truly beautiful appearance—the soft breath of summer fanned the brow of our heroine as she sat in the doorway of her conservatory gazing upon the beautiful panorama presented by the azure sky above her. While she sat musing thus, she was startled by a hand upon her neck, and she gave a slight scream as she beheld Stanley Meredith standing beside her, with a sarcastic smile upon his features. She would have given the alarm, but this Meredith prevented by using force, at the same time lifting her, almost a lifeless corpse, from the ground. Doubtless he would have succeeded in his hellish plans had not my son, who had returned, and who was seeking Eva, arrived on the spot in the exact moment of time, and rescued his affianced by flinging to the ground this fiend in human shape. Meredith was doubtless in a high state of excitement at the time, and as he picked himself up, he muttered through his clenched teeth, inaudible curses of revenge.

"William paid no attention to his

threats and soon forgot in the presence of Eva, that ever such a man lived as Stanley Meredith. But Alas! how fatal was the end.

"The time was fast drawing near when William and Eva were to enter the bands matrimonial, and nothing had been heard of Meredith. Indeed it was said that he had left the place, never to return to it more, that he had been discovered to be a notorious gambler and defaulter, and that the police were on his tracks.

"The night of the wedding in the course of time duly came. Eva and William looking never so well, were standing before the man of God in the presence of invited guests, and all was death like stillness. When the question was asked, if there was any objections to William Sinclair and Eva Middletown being proclaimed man and wife, there was confusion at the door, and in a moment after a voice was heard exclaiming—

"I forbid the bands."

"Immediately all eyes were placed upon the intruder, it was Meredith, but oh how altered in appearance. A driving maniac, his hair dishevelled—his eyes bloodshot, and his whole person the very picture of despair. Quick as thought his hand was lifted, and hid in his sleeve was the weapon of death, deep—deep was it buried in the breast of my son, before an arm could be extended to arrest the blow. Eva was a widowed Bride!"

Mr. Sinclair could proceed no further, the hot tears trickled down his face, and he wept loud and long. At length the fountain ceased to flow, and choking back the sobs, he continued:

"I've but a few words more to say. The effect of this stroke upon Eva, you are already the witness of. She has never recovered from the shock.

"Meredith was arrested, but before the day of his trial rolled round, he died a raving maniac cursing God, and himself. Such is the fate of the Drunkard, the Gambler—the man of Profanity. God grant, my friend, that your last days may not be like his, but that you may live a life of sobriety and die the Christian's death!"

To which I responded, with warm heart, fervently—"Amen, amen!"

Continued Mr. Sinclair:

"You know the life-drama of my Eva.

I will introduce you to her as the school companion of her husband."

We arose and entered the room where sat the fair invalid. Gently we approached the window from which she was gazing vacantly into the darkness of night. Suddenly she started, and fixing her gaze upon me, sprang forward exclaiming "William, oh, William!" and fell upon my breast.

Heavier, and heavier grew the weight, and I soon was aware that Eva's spirit had flown to the blissful realms of immortality—that she was again a Bride, where naught could disturb.

Reader, if you ever visit our little village, do not forget to go to Wildwood Cemetery and search out the graves of William and Eva—the Murdered Bridegroom and the Widowed Bride!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

COME HOME.

BY CHAS. E. W. DOBBS.

Oh! cease from thy wanderings and come to thy home;  
Which without thee is dreary and cold;  
The sun beams less brightly when loved ones far roam.

And song-birds carol not as of old!  
Our hearts throb us warmly and prize thee as dear,  
And as fondly as e'er didst stray,

But without thy glad smile the fireside's drear,  
And sad seem the little ones at play!

Oh! cease from thy wanderings over the wild sea—

Come again to thy own native land;  
Here loyng hearts beat and throb truly for thee,  
And extended is Friendship's blest hand!

Tho' friends may surround thee and cheer thy young heart,

All along thy meandering way,  
And jovial mirth bid thy tear-drops depart,  
Yet we sigh for the loved one away!

Then cease from thy wanderings, and stay no more;

But dwell e'erneath Liberty's fair dome,  
And let thy bright eyes fondly beam as of yore;

When amid the blest scenes of thy home!

Adown Time's fair stream to Eternity's sea,  
Thou shalt sail softly 'neath a bright sky;

With warm-hearted comrades—true, joyous  
and free—

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE CHURCH.

BY MATILDA.

We decked the church with ivy green,  
And mingled with it flowers and moss  
And over all we calmly placed

# THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

## Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

## TERMS:

1 Copy one year.....	\$ 2.00
6 Copies .....	10.00
10 " "	15.00
50 " "(to one address,) .....	60.00

No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,  
Greensboro, N. C.

## What the Editors Give—And what the Readers get.

A distinguished lawyer, a practical man and good at figures, sends us the following calculation to lay before our readers. We hope they may act upon his suggestions:

**Messrs. Editors:** I have seen several numbers of the enlarged and beautiful "TIMES," and it is proper to say that you have fully redeemed the promises you made on the subject. It now remains for the public to share an equal solicitude for the cultivation and support of a literature purely Southern, of which your Journal, in its present form, is the pioneer, and I trust its success will vindicate the intelligence and liberality of the Southern people, from the aspersions, often cast upon them abroad, of possessing no minds of sufficient capacity to sustain the cause of letters. It is not my purpose to argue the question here, by referring to the quality of the matter which from time to time has adorned the "Historical Gallery," and the various heads under which you arrange your contributions with pleasing effect. My desire is to "hoard up" what has been and what may be collected in "THE TIMES," by showing its value in an economical point of view.

After making a calculation of the quantity of reading matter in each number, I find it equal to seventy pages of an octavo volume. Here is the rule: The "TIMES" now consists of eight pages of five columns each—one page is filled by advertisements, on an average, leaving seven pages or thirty-five columns occupied with a variety of choice reading matter, not a line short of the seventy pages estimated. In the course of the year, or fifty-two numbers, the product will be 3,640 book pages, or more than seven volumes, octavo, of 500 pages each, all costing only two dollars! The binding of the "TIMES" will not exceed two dollars per volume, in which the subscriber has the most attractive miscellany—solid, amusing and useful—the work of genius in its happiest words, and of much practical experience in the affairs of life. The column of paragraphs you select under the head of "Useful Information," in regard to health, the management of soils and animals, garden-culture, the poultry-yard, and other matters too numerous to specify, all occurring in our daily experience, will amount in a year to more than one hundred pages in book-measure. All this is too valuable to be lost. It should be kept in each family for reference as occasion may require, and thus accomplish much good.

I look upon a file of newspapers as a treasure to the owner. So far from losing interest, it actually gains from the lapse of time. When quite a young man, I saw a bound volume for the year, 1799, tossed about the room as trash, and I could easily have obtained it for the asking. I looked into it occasionally, and among other things I saw the deaths of Patrick Henry and of Gen. Washington announced, with columns in mourning. Many years afterwards, when I had learned to appreciate such a relic, I found, on inquiry, that it had passed into the hands of a gentleman of intelligence; who now holds it beyond price. One of the gratifications, value, on visiting an Editor, is to look over the files of his paper for thirty or fifty years back, as the case may be. For example, what politician, or general scholar, would not be the wiser by spending a few days with the old volumes of the *National Intelligencer* and *Richmond Enquirer*, or of any other journals of like elevated tone? The Raleigh papers thus preserved are a depository of interesting matters, from the War of 1812, to the present time. It has been my privilege to handle, in the rooms of the Philadelphia Library Company, the files of Dr. Franklin's "Gazette," published one hundred years ago, showing the state of the Colonies under British rule.

My object is to impress on your readers the benefit to themselves, and to others who may succeed them, of taking care of each number of the "TIMES," and having all the numbers bound at the end of the year, forming a volume of four hundred pages. No other would be half so fascinating. More than the subscription price and the cost of binding would be given at any time by collectors. Such has been my information, at least. But I appeal to a higher motive. The newspaper file is a

record always to be consulted profitably on the current topics of the day, to say nothing of the chapter of accidents, the articles furnished by contributors, and the editorials to give the paper its finishing touch. And last of all, though never overlooked by any readers, the *Marriages and Deaths*. I confess that I always carefully glance through this department, with an emotion of joy for the happy couples, and of sorrow for the bereaved. It affords thought for an essay, which, at another time, I may be tempted to offer you.

M.

## The Little Frenchman.

Monsieur Belly that fiery little Frenchman, who stands out so prominently on the page of Central American diplomacy, and who has endeavored to eclipse the American filibusters in his grand achievements for the amelioration of that quarter of the globe, has recently addressed a letter to the Emperor of the French, on the subject of the President's message, appealing to him for protection to the Catholic States of America against the aggressions of the United States. He seems to think that Providence has elevated the Emperor to his present commanding position in the eyes of the civilized world, for the purpose of demonstrating the power of Absolutism in Europe over that *soli digni* Liberty in America; and that the grand mission of Napoleon III is to cause the Imperial crown which "binds the brow of Majesty" to be hailed everywhere as the sister of the tiara, that France may be recognized as the natural guardian and elder sister of the Latin races.

We give the following extract from the letter of Mr. Belly, as indicating the unique and thoroughly "toploftical" ideas of the writer:

"The relations of Europe with North America have had none but deplorable results for Europe, which is a fact easy of comprehension, since the United States are in a permanent state of conspiracy against her. But few months have passed since the crisis organized by the people who elected Buchanan for the purpose of spreading over the world a disorder propitious to the accomplishment of their designs. The United States have never opened a single relation with Europe which has not tended to her ruin—and whenever a communion has been found in her footsteps, the explosion of the mine has disclosed powder of Anglo-Saxon manufacture.

"All the advantages of commercial relations between Europe and the United States have accrued to the United States; all the disadvantages to Europe. And yet, sirs, we could acquire all sorts of advantages, create a debt of gratitude which would be paid, establish a counterpoise to Yankee pretension, assure to ourselves all the universal transit routes between the Atlantic and Pacific by giving to Latin America one-fourth of the attention which we have given to Anglo-Saxon America—by exercising our beneficence on Southern and Central America—by stimulating in all the Spanish-American republics the development of their commerce and industry, whose wealth have many other sources than that of the wealth of the United States."

"A Latin alliance, by placing the people who have elected Buchanan under the ban of civilization, will at length oblige Europe to recognize that Central and Southern America are the natural theatre wherein she must in future exercise her influence and establish her Transatlantic relations. Almost all her children who go to the United States scarcely place their feet on that accursed land before an air of ingratitudine breathes upon their hearts, and they deny—as Soule has done—the land that gave them birth. Every European who mixes himself up with the Yankees immediately becomes an enemy of Europe."

On the subject of a Mexican protectorate by France, this belligerent little writer discourses after this fashion:

"France owns, in the city of Mexico alone, four thousand of her children, and, at least, as many in every capital of the Spanish American republics. Then, sirs, it becomes a question of protecting these sons of France by intervention, peaceably, or with an armed hand, and to change, to their profit, to ours and that of our natural allies, the course of relations between Europe and America. It is not in the United States that the true sources of wealth of the New World are found, and it is on that account that the United States are always tempted to expand beyond the limits of their own country."

"It is in Central America and in South America that your Majesty's influence can cause to be regenerated peace and order. The Latin States of the New World, Peru and Equador, for example—would they ever engage in warfare if Latin Europe were to offer to be the empire of differences? They

# THE TIMES: An Illustrated Southern Family Paper.

## COMMERCIAL.

### GREENSBORO MARKET, Feb. 4.

Reported expressly for the Times  
Bacon 12@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20@25; Butter 15@16; Coffee 14@16; Candles, Tallow 22@25; Adamantine 37@40; Sperm 55@60; Cork 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@80, white 75@100; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2@3; Rice 8@9; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12; loaf 183, crushed 16@18; clarified 14; Tallow 12@15; Wheat 80@100; Wool 25@30.

### NORFOLK MARKET, Jan. 31st.

Reported expressly for the Times  
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.  
Flour, Family \$7.25 Flaxseed, 1.35@1.10 Extra, 6.75 Beeswax, 28 Superfine, 6.65 Dried Apples, 7@8 Corn, Mixed W. 7.3@7.4 28lbs... 2.00 Yellow, 77 Peaches, 40lbs, 7@8 Wheat, White 1.20 bu..... 5.50@5.75 Red, 1.10 Bacon, W. shd 8@8 Cotton, 11@11.12 do. Sides 10 Peas, Black Eye 1.30 N. C. & Va. Hog Red & Black 70@80 round, 11 Lord, N.C. & V.no.1 12 Staves, R.O. hhd 30@31 do do 2. 11 W.O. pipe, 50 Fish, Mackerel 1.25 do hhd 40 do No 2. 11.00 do bbl. 28@30 do 3. 10.00

Remarks.—Flour receipts are fair: the stock in market is light; sales are equal to receipts at full prices. Corn, arrivals have been very large, but the market has been cleared to-day, sales at quotations. Since our report of last week they exceed one hundred thousand bushels. Cotton is in fair supply, with sales. Peas, Black Eye, are dull, not much doing in them. Flaxseed and Beeswax are in small supply. Dried Fruit arrives sparingly. Apples are enquired for and are wanted.

## Professional Cards.

### ARCHITECTURE.

WM. PERCIVAL, Architect, Offices Smith's Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C., and Godden's Hall, Richmond, Va., Will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for all kinds of public and private buildings and houses of workshop.

With an educational training for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is professionally engaged in this State.

The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Baptist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rockey, Mt., Edgecombe County.

N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his offices. 133-6m.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-ff.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT, J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 53-ly.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HIGH POINT, N. C. Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly.

TO LAWYERS. A YOUNG NEW YORK Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, appertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c. Address, C. G. DUNN, New York City.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107if Baltimore, Md.

VISITING CARDS. R. G. STAPLES, CARD WRITER, Porthsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

MANTUA-MAKING. MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and teach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.

JOHN F. HOWLETT, Master. M. S. SHERWOOD, Secretary.

DIED. In this county, Jan. 21st, of scarlet fever, JOHN H. son of Jno. E. & Matilda Gamble, aged 9 years.

Little John, thou hast gone hence, we trust, to realms above,

There to dwell with Jesus in holy love.

\* \* \* Patriot please copy. B.

Mrs. MARY SMITH, relict of James Smith, died in Anson county North Carolina, January 17th, 1859, aged 71 years, one month and eleven days.

All repairings done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August 1st, 1858. 134-ly.

ESTABLISHED IN 1798. A. MORRIS, Richmond, Va., Publisher, and Wholesale Dealer in Books, Paper, Stationery, Piano Fortes, Melodions Music and Musical Merchandise, begs to invite the attention of country dealers, to his stock of Books, Stationery and Pianos, embracing the largest and most general assortment to be found in any one establishment South of New York, and will be sold upon terms as liberal and accommodating.

A. M. publishes many of the Standard Virginia Law Books, and can furnish the legal profession with all Standard Law Books, including the Virginia and New York State Reports, at the Publisher's Lowest Prices. School Teachers and the Trade supplied at a liberal discount.

Books and Music sent by mail.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

(12m)

All JOB WORK, Executed with Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch, at this Office.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL, High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough. Rev. N. McRAW, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution in the State. Board and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., \$6 per month. English Branches \$6 to \$15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guaranteed to such. For full information, address,

REV. WM. I. LANGDON, Proprietor, Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

WASHINGTON HOTEL. Change of Proprietor, Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steam-boats to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES, January 1st-ly.

BE IN SEASON: and send to J. & F. GARRETT, for some beautiful VALENTINES FOR 1859 SENTIMENTAL AND COMIC.

Various sizes and prices. Orders filled through the Mail. J. & F. GARRET, Greensboro, N. C.

MARBLE WORKS By GEORGE HEINRICH, Manufacturer of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, 4 doors North of the court-house, Greensboro, N. C.

Orders from a distance promptly filled.

February, 1858. 110-ly

LAST NOTICE. Those indebted to the firm of E. W. OGBURN, CO., must settle by the 15th, of December or their accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer.

JAS. W. DOAK, Surviving Partner.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of FALL and WINTER GOODS, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c. Their stock was selected with great care, and not having very expensive families to support, theyatter themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.

October 25, '58. CLOTH & AMIS.

From the Norfolk Day Book--Extra.  
Awful Catastrophe.

Burning of the Steamer North Carolina,  
from Baltimore—Two Lives Lost!

The Steamer Georgia arrived in our harbor this morning, bringing the startling and painful intelligence of the burning of the Steamer North Carolina on Saturday morning last, on her passage from Baltimore to Norfolk, with 26 passengers on board, all of whom fortunately escaped death, except the Rev. Mr. Curtis, an Episcopal minister of South Carolina, who was on his way home from the North, and one of the Stewards of the boat, a negro man.

The fire was discovered on Saturday morning at about half past one o'clock, in one of the state-rooms of the upper saloon, at which time the boat was about three miles below Smith's Point Light Bont.—

The pumps were immediately set to work, but the fire had already gained such headway as to be impossible to suppress it, and the boats were immediately hoisted out, and all efforts made to save the passengers and crew.

During this time it was said a dense fog was prevailing, and it was only through the cool and courageous efforts of the officers of the boat that the greatest confusion did not prevail, and fortunately, every soul on board was saved, it is believed, except the two persons named above.

A lady with a child came down by the stanchions from the upper to the lower deck, where she threw her child overboard and jumped over after it. Her husband, seeing their perilous situation, jumped over to save them, while the heroic Captain Henry Fitzgerald plunged in the water to assist them, thus, risking four into the water at one time, all of whom were saved by means of the boats with some difficulty.

There were seven ladies on board the boat, all of whom barely escaped to the small boats in their night clothes, not having time to get even their shoes and stockings. The exception was a lady whose nervous condition would not allow her to sleep, and she was in full dress, not having gone to bed.

It is believed that the passenger who was burnt up, and who is believed to be the Rev. Mr. Curtis, of S. C., was deaf and could not hear the noise and stir of the few moments left the passengers to escape after the alarm had been given.

The escape to the small boats was fortunately favored by the presence of calm weather, otherwise it is believed the loss of life would have been much greater.

The bell on board the light boat was kept tolling till the small boats reached her, when the passengers were taken on board, and the Steamer Locust Point, (one of the Parker Veine line) came alongside about day break, and took them on board and brought them into Hampton roads, from whence they were brought to the city this morning by the Steamer Georgia. The Captain of the Locust Point very generously kept near the light boat and the burning steamer, in order to render any assistance within his power; determined not to leave till every soul was saved.

The hull of the steamer burnt to the water's edge, and it is supposed she sunk, as nothing was seen of her after the fog cleared away.

No baggage, freight or anything of value whatever was saved. The U. S. Mail for this city was also destroyed.

It is believed that Adams & Co.'s Express losses by this catastrophe, somewhere in the neighborhood of \$7,000. But we understand by a fortunate accident, they were prevented from losing \$200,000, Government funds, which was expected here to pay off, but did not get on board in time, and consequently came down in the steamer Georgia this morning.

Capt. Cannon, the commander of the North Carolina, had \$300 of his own funds in his state room, which he had not time to save. So precipitate in fact, was the retreat, that no time was to spare to save anything whatever, and Mr. Parks, Purser of the boat, lost all the passage money, list of passengers, &c.

The passengers are now in our city and Portsmouth, and having lost everything they had on board, are rendered destitute, and it might be well to tender some assistance to those going further to entitle them to pursue their journey.

This is the only accident of any note that has occurred to this fortunate line since it has been in existence—a period of thirty years.

It is believed the fire originated in one of the forward state-rooms, which was occupied by the Steward as a room for keeping the linens, &c., belonging to the boat, and that when the door of the room was opened, the whole saloon was in a light blaze by the draft of air rushing through.

FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—From Peru we have accounts of serious riots at Lima and Callao. It originated from the importation of some ready-made houses from the United States, of which the workmen of those cities refused to allow the landing. The mob and the prefects' guard came in collision, when one of the former was killed and two of the latter were wounded; and it finally became necessary for President Castilla to bring a detachment of troops from Lima to Callao, and

a collision took place in which several were killed, and affairs assumed a most critical appearance.

#### ARKANSAS NEWS.

**THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.**—This body is now in session and disposing of business with unexampled rapidity. The House of Representatives renewed its session on Monday and the Senate on Tuesday.—There appears to be a general disposition to work much and talk little, and from the signs we predict that the business before them will be soon despatched. We are glad to see so much unanimity among the members, and hope that their labors will redound to the credit of themselves and of the State.—*Little Rock True Democrat*, January 19.

The same paper has the following on the tide of emigration to Arkansas:

Immigration still continues by our regular packets and trans-Atlantic steamers, giving sure indications that ere long this State will be densely populated with industrious farmers and planters.

**THE LARGEST SALE OF LAND EVER MADE IN ARKANSAS.**—General Samuel Mitchell, of Arkansas county, has, within the last few days, sold his beautiful plantation on Silver Lake, containing twenty-five hundred acres, to C. H. Byam, Esq., of North Alabama, for \$100,000. This sale, together with many others that have been made during the past fall and winter, show the high estimate now being put upon Arkansas bottom lands.

**SPIURIOUS NOTES OF THE BANK OF TENNESSEE.**—From the Nashville papers of Friday, we learn that the day before, the officers of the Bank of Tennessee discovered a number of spurious bills of the denomination of 1's and 2's, on the branches of Rogersville, Knoxville and Athens.—On the issues payable at Rogersville, the name of Geo. R. Parrot, "Cashier," appears, instead of Geo. R. Powell. On the other branches, the issues contain the proper signatures as far as the names are concerned, but upon examination it will be seen that they are in the same writing as those which have the wrong Cashier's name.—The impressions are from the genuine plates, and the notes have been paraded and filled up. They are all "red backs."

**HOUSTON, TEXAS.**—The editor of the *Telegraph* says:

In taking a New Year's cruise among our friends, in different parts of the town, we were agreeably surprised with the number of new buildings now going up all over the city. We had not been around town for several months, and had no idea of the improvements going on. Many of the houses are of a large and handsome character, which indicate comfort as well as shelter. Still the supply of house room is far from satisfying the demand, and at this moment a large number of houses could be rented at paying rates, if they were ready for occupants. Not a house is put up, or a store, but it is engaged long before it is finished, and we know several handsome buildings that are engaged at long rentals, of which the foundations are not even yet laid. Among them are at least two three-story brick buildings, on the north side of Main street, the work on which is to be commenced very soon.

News Agents wanted to sell The Times.

**For Every Body! \$12**

**The Largest, the Cheapest,**

**THE BEST!!**

**The Times;**

**AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;**

Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully

**ILLUSTRATED** and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

**TERMS** in advance: 1 copy \$2; 6 copies \$10; 10 copies \$15; 50 copies \$50—**And One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.**

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

**Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,** Greensboro, N. C.

**Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing.**

**ROWLAND & BROTHERS,** Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.

Are prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to, among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.

**Authorized agents for the Times, to receive subscriptions, etc.**

**J. W. EVANS'** NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE AND CHEMICAL BOOK-STORE, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

**CATALOGUE OF FRESH GAR-**DEN SEEDS, for sale by PORTER & GORRELL, successors to Dr. T. J. Patrick, Greensborough, N. C.

*Asparagus*.—Giant, Purple Top;  
*Dwarf Beans*.—Early China, Early White Marrow, Early Valentine, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Early Mohawk, Early Large White Kidney, Early Refugee, or 1000 to 1, Early Succotash.

*Pole Beans*.—Large Lima, or Butter, White Cranberry, Sieva, or Small Lima, White Dutch Runner, Red Cranberry.

*Beets*.—Best Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Flat Bassano, Early Scarcity, Early Yellow Turnip Beet, Long Blood Red, White Sugar, Mangold Wurtzel.

*Broccoli*.—Early White, Early Purple, Large Purple Cape, White Cape, or Cauliflower, Brussels Sprouts.

*Cabbage*.—Early York, Early Sugar Loaf, Early Flat Battersea, Large French Oxheart, Wethersfield Prem. Flat Dutch, Nonpareil, Large Flat Battersea, Large Flat Dutch, Large late American Drumhead, Large Green Glazed, Fine Drumhead Savoy, Green Globe Savoy, Red Dutch, for pickling.

*Carrots*.—Long Orange, Large White Field, Blood Red, or Purple.

*Celery*.—Cole's Superb Dwarf, Seymour's Superb, White Solid, New Silver Giant, Large Manchester Red Solid.

*Cress*.—Curled, or Peppergrass, Broad Leaf Garden, Water, or Winter.

*Cucumbers*.—Early Frame, Early Russian, earliest Known, Early Cluster, London Long Green, for pickling, Short Green Prickly, Extra Long Green Turkey, Gherkin, or Burr, for pickling.

*Egg Plant*.—Early Long Purple, White.

*Indian Corn*.—Early Sweet, Large Sweet, or Sugar, Evergreen Sweet, Early White Flint.

*Lettuce*.—Early Curled Silesia, Early White Cabbage, or Butter, Fine Imperial Head, Large Green Head, Ice Head, Ice Cos, London White Cabbage.

*Melon*.—Pine Apple, Green Citron, Nutmeg, Large Yellow Cantalope, Large Musk.

*Watermelon*.—Mountain Sprout, Mountain Sweet, Large and fine, Long Island, Citron, for Preserves.

*Mustard*.—White or English, Brown, Nas-

*Onion*.—Extra Early Red, Wethersfield Large Red, Yellow Silver Skin, White Portugal.

*Parsnips*.—Long White, Short Green.

*Parsley*.—Plain, or Common, Curled, or Double, Myatt's Garnishing.

*Radish*.—Long Smooth, or Sugar, extra.

*Pepper*.—Long Cayenne, Large Squash, or Tomato, Large Bull Nose, or Bell, Large Sweet Mountain.

*Pear*.—J. R. & Co., earliest known, Extra

Early May, very early, Early Frame, or June, 2d early, Early D'ble Blossom, Frame, Eng., Large White Marrowfat, Black Eye Marrowfat, Dwarf Sugar, Eatable Pod.

*Pumpkin*.—Connecticut Field, Large Cheese.

*Radish*.—Red Turnip Rooted, Early Short Top Long Scarlet, White Turnip Rooted, Yellow Turnip.

*Rhubarb*.—Early Tobolsk, Myatt's Victoria, Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.

*Squash*.—Early Yellow Bush Scollop, Early Bush Summer Crookneck, Fall, or Winter Crookneck, Lima Cocnut, Sweet Potatoe.

*Tomato*.—Large Red, J. R. & Co., Extra Large Red, Round Smooth Red, Large Yellow.

*Turnips*.—Early Flat Dutch, or Spring, Large English Norfolk, Large White Globe, Large White Flat, Early Yellow Dutch, Early Yellow Russian, best known for winter use, Yellow Globe, sweet.

*Ruta Baga*.—Purple Top, Skirving's Liver-pool.

*Sweet Herbs &c*.—Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Majoram, Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Lemon Balm, Red Onion Setts, Yellow Onion Setts.

Jan. 25th, 1859. (4:2m.)

**PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.**

**THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL** will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control.

Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education—

**TERMS** (Invariably in Advance)

**FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum.**

**Additional copies at the same rate.**

**Single copy** ..... \$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

**Journal and Times**, ..... \$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year: The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

**All communications should be addressed to J. D. CAMPBELL Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.**

**OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.**—The sixteenth Session will open on the first Monday in January and close with the annual Commencement on the last Thursday in May.

The School relies entirely on its own merits for patronage. In order that it may merit patronage, the number of students is so limited as to secure.

1st. The greatest thoroughness and efficiency in every department of instruction.

2d. The most judicious discipline enforced with affectionate firmness.

3d. The most comfortable and home like accommodations procured at the smallest expense.

For admission apply to J. H. MILLS,

154—6t. Oxford, N. C.

**THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER SO LONG UNSUCCESSFULLY Sought, Found at Last!** For it restores permanently gray hair to its original color; covers luxuriantly the bald head; removes all dandruff, itching and all scrofula, scald head and all eruptions; makes the hair soft, healthy, and glossy; and will preserve it to any imaginable age, remove, as by magic, all blotches, &c. from the face, and cures all neuralgia and nervous head ache. See circular and the following.

Dover, N. H., Feb. 2d, 1857.

Prof. O. J. Wood & Co.—Gents: Within a few days we have received so many orders and calls for Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, that to day we were compelled to send to Boston for a quantity, (the 6 dozen you forwarded all being sold,) while we might order a quantity from you. Every bottle we have sold seems to have produced three or four new customers and the approbation, and patronage it receives from the most substantial and worthy citizens of our vicinity, most convince us that it is A MOST VALUABLE PREPARATION.

Send us as soon as may be one gross of \$1 size; and one dozen \$2 size; and believe us very respectfully.

Signed DANIEL LATHORP & Co,

HICKORY GROVE, St. Charles Co., Mo., Nov. 19, 1856. Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: Some last summer we were induced to use some of your Hair Restorative, and its effects were so wonderful, we feel it our duty to you and the afflicted, to report it.

Our little son's head for some time had been perfectly covered with sores, and some called it scald head. The hair almost entirely came off in consequence, when a friend, seeing his sufferings, advised us to use your Restorative, we did so with little hope of success, but, to our surprise, and that of all our friends, a very few applications removed the disease entirely, and a new and luxuriant crop of hair soon started out, and we can now say that our boy has healthy a heady, and as luxuriant a crop of hair as any other child

## Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,  
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

## A Story for the Little Folks.

*My Dear Little Friends:* I have a nice story to tell you this week of two little school boys. And have you not heard of mighty men and great warriors who could make their armies fight great battles and destroy large cities. If you will read this interesting story it will teach you how to be better than these:

ONE afternoon, last winter, as Miss Grey reached the school-house, she saw in the entry a great, rough boy, who went to another school, holding two of her best scholars by the shoulders, and seeming to feel as though doing something very wonderful. John, the larger of the two boys, seemed very angry, and was scolding and struggling with all his might, while Willie, though crying, stood very quietly.

The boys did not see Miss Grey until she said: "Well, Amos." The large boy looked around, saying: "Yer see, here's two o' yer boys been fighting, and I'm a holdin' of 'em 'till you come."

"You may release them," said the teacher; and they very gladly followed her into the school-room, leaving Amos to go about his business. After ringing the bell for the children to be seated, Miss Grey, said: "Now John and Willie may come and tell me what has happened."

John's eyes were still flashing, and his hands were tightly clenched; while Willie, to the surprise of all, was still crying. This was very unusual, for he was a brave, manly boy, and never cried for trifles; so the teacher asked: "Willie, why are you crying?" "My head aches," was his reply; and then Miss Grey noticed that his thick curly hair was matted with blood. Some water and a sponge were quickly brought, and upon washing away the blood a large bruise showed itself.

After this was properly cared for, the teacher turned to John, saying: "John, you may tell me all about it."

"Why," said John, still looking as if he was not ready to give up his fight; "the boys were playing ball, and Frank Barrows threw it away down the street, and Bill"—"John," said Miss Grey very gravely. John fidgetted a little under her earnest look, then went on—"and Willie and I both started for it. I got to it first, and just as I stooped to pick it up Willie pushed me." "What then?" inquired the teacher. John's face flushed, and his eye fell, as he said—"I hit him a lick." "Did you make that bruise?"

"Yes'em, I guess so."

"Did Willie strike back?" "No ma'am; he doubled up his fist all ready, but I guess he thought he couldn't beat me."

"Willie, you pushed John down, did you?" "Yes, ma'am," and Willie's clear honest eyes were raised to his teacher's; "but I didn't mean to; I stabbed my toe and fell against him, and, as he was stooping, it pushed him down on his face." "What did you do when John struck you?" "I had a great mind to strike, too, but, I thought of something, and then I told him I was sorry I hurt him" said Willie. "Why was it necessary for Amos to hold you?" "I didn't think there was any need of it;" and he half laughed in spite of his aching head; "but he took John in one hand and me in the other, and kept telling us to 'quit,' or he'd thrash us both. I am sorry if I hurt John by falling against him, for I really didn't mean to."

"Yes he did too," interrupted John, angrily; "he wanted Frank to think he was a faster runner than I, and was mad because I beat."

"You may sit down," said the teacher; "and John, I wish you to think the matter all over, remembering Willie's explanation, which I believe to be the true one; and at a recess you may tell me who has been to blame."

The boys sat in the same desk, so John turned his back to Willie, and getting as far from him as possible, took up a book and pretended to be studying very hard. Presently he wished for a pencil, and remembered that he had left his upon the teacher's table. He raised his hand, and asked for the pencil; but a class was reciting, and Miss Grey wished no one to cross the room until the class was seated.

"May I lend him mine?" asked Willie; and noticing the glance of approval which accompanied the permission to do as he wished, selected his best pencil and placed it before John.

"Take it, John," said Miss Grey

as she saw he did not seem to notice it. John picked it up, but instead of using it began turning it over and over, and looking at it as though it was some strange thing he had never seen before.—His teacher was watching him, and soon she saw a tear roll down his cheek, then another, and another; at last he laid his head upon the desk and sobbed aloud.—

Miss Grey went to him, and laying her hand on his head, asked, "What is the matter?" John sobbed out, "I am sorry I struck Willie." "Would you like to tell him so?" "Yes'm;" and the sobs almost choked him as he turned to Willie and said: "Please forgive me, Willie; I am sorry I struck you. I might have known you did not mean to do it."—Willie put his curly head so close to John's that Miss Grey did not hear his answer, but John's changed face showed that he was forgiven. "Now, Willie," said his teacher, "will you tell us what that something was, of which you thought, when you were tempted to strike John?"—He hesitated a moment, then said gravely: "It was that Bible verse you gave us the other day—" He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

The tears came into Miss Grey's eyes, as she said: "God bless you my dear boy, and help you always to remember His words when tempted to sin."

Now, boys, which of these two boys are you like? Like John, hasty, passionate, eager to punish those whom you fancy have injured you; or, like Willie, remembering God's word, and trying to do right? Is it not noble to forgive?—Willie, surely, was no coward because he did not strike back; no, that was not the reason. He was brave, yes brave, for 'tis not every boy who dares do right. Remember, boys, always fear to do wrong, and dare to do right; that is manly, that is noble.

## What to Do.

The Rev. J. C. Ryle, author of so much valuable and appreciable instruction for penitent souls, says, in a certain place:

"Reader, if you desire salvation, and want to know what to do, I advise you to go this very day to the Lord Jesus Christ, in the first private place you can find, and entreat him in prayer to save your soul. Go and Pray."

Tell him that you have heard that he receives sinners, and has said: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Tell him that you are a poor, vile sinner, and that you come to him on the faith of his own invitation. Tell him you put yourself wholly and entirely into his hands, that you feel vile and helpless and hopeless in yourself, and that, unless he saves you, you have no hope to be saved at all. Beseech him to deliver you from the guilt, the power, and the consequences of sin. Beseech him to pardon you and wash you in his own blood. Beseech him to give you a new heart, and implant the Holy Spirit in your soul. Beseech him to give you grace and faith and will and power to be his disciple and servant from this day forever. O, reader, go this very day, and tell these things to the Lord Jesus Christ, if you really are in earnest about your soul. Go and Pray."

KEEP THE SABBATH.—Reader, stop and think for the moment. The Sabbath—this is the idea! How shall I keep it? Some one says: Be zealous on this point. Whether you live in town, or country, resolve not to profane your Sabbath, or in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this are regular. Begin with not honoring God's house; cease to honor God's book, and by-and-by you will give God no honor at all. Let any man lay the foundation with no Sabbath, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the top-stone of no God. It was a remarkable saying of Judge Hale, that of all persons convicted of capital crimes, while he was upon the bench, he found few who did not confess that they began their career of wickedness by neglect of the Sabbath.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
TO MISS J. W.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

Yes, there are ties, that hearts unite,  
As with a golden chain;  
And there are smiles, that smiles invite,  
In sweet return again.

And friendship is a grateful tie,  
Bestowed from Heaven above;  
And none its virtues will deny,  
Possessed of hearts to love.

And in thy smile, so sweet and kind,  
May I, a pearl, be found;  
And like a gem, that charms the eye,  
With fond regard be crowned.

Then like the rose, at early dawn,  
Refugee with the dew,  
I shall be welcomed every morn  
Though far beyond thy view!

And thus, though from thee, far away,  
Thou wilt my image trace;  
And welcome each returning day,  
The visage of my face.

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

## CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is affixed in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, called and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanician, the farmer, and the house keeper.

RECEIPT FOR SILVER & BRASS PLATING.—First file the iron smooth; then take a small portion of sal ammoniac with water enough to dissolve it, and rub it over the surface which you are going to plate; cover it with powdered resin, pour over it melted tin until the surface you wish to plate is perfectly tinned, then mop off until it is smooth again. Then take silver plate as large as the surface which is to be plated, press it on and rub it all over a little at a time, quick and hard, with a hot, well tinned loggerhead. For silver plating it must be soldered by heating in the fire and rubbed hard with an oiled rag until smooth. When cool, dress it off with powdered pumicestone mixed with lamp-oil or buck-skin. For brass you must tin the brass like the iron above mentioned, by dipping it in hot tin quickly, and mop it off while hot. It is put on in the same way as silver, except soldering in the fire. Good pewter answers the same purpose as tin.

Castor oil is said to be one of the best articles for wheel grease. In its pure state it will last long and operate most remarkably.

HOW TO CONQUER VICES COWS AND HORSES.—I care not how vicious or unmanageable the horse or cow may have become, I can conquer them by the application of a strong rope, or chain just back of the fore legs, and twisting in a good lever until they yield fully. Baulky horses may be conquered in this manner, so as to need no whipping, and it is more humane than clubbing them, or cutting them up with torturing whips. And a horse once conquered in this manner will not return to his tricks with the same driver as readily as when overcome by whipping or mauling.

Cows may be conquered in the same manner, and broken of the habit of kicking, very readily. One of my neighbors had a very vicious cow last spring, which they had failed in milking after the most determined efforts to succeed. I happened to hear the fact one day, and told them how to manage her; when, lo! no more trouble was experienced. In the course of the summer they have occasionally laid a chain across her back, when she has manifested any intention of returning to her old habits. Effectual as is this manner of overcoming vicious propensities, it is more humane than any other in which force is used.

This is also a very effectual manner of subduing horses ugly in shoeing. The smith can make the wildest mustang stand peaceably by using the chain and lever, and the lesson will not soon be unlearned. Lay aside, then, your clubs and whips for the purpose above named, and resort to the method herein described, and save yourself time, trouble, and vexation of spirit, nor reject it because it was not learned from your father or in some conversation, instead of the pages of an agricultural journal.—*Genesee Farmer*.

OPPOSITION.—"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to man. Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a headwind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the winds blow, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows."

EXPERIENCE.—Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies, and get up with the morning-glories.

ABOUT CAKES.—The oven where cakes are to be baked must be "quicke;" when it is slow, the cakes will not rise properly, and hence turn out what is called "heavy."

Currants required for cake must be washed and carefully dried: if they are added to the batter while wet, it will not rise sufficiently.

Eggs must be well beaten; yolks and whites separately.

Lemon peel, thinly pared, should be pounded to a paste, with a little sifted sugar, and mixed with either wine or milk, that it may more easily mingle with the other ingredients.

A little Yeast, beaten with sugar and the yolk of an egg, makes a cake much lighter than any quantity of eggs or butter can do.

## Salad for the Solitary.

It is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Governor S——, of South Carolina, was a lawyer, and could take a jury out of their senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, always clearing his client. He was counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired but a few moments, and, with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said:

"Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied:

"Well Tom, I've all along thought I took the horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech I don't believe I did?" —Ducktown (*Tenn.*) *Eagle*.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.—"Ah, Pat" said a school-mistress to a thick headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I'm afraid you'll never learn anything. Now what's that letter, eh?"

"Sure and I don't know ma'am," replied Pat.

"Thought you might have remembered that."

"Why ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och ma'am, I mind it well; but sure I thought it was a speck."

"Well, now remember Pat it's I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No! no! not U. but I."

"Not I, but you ma'am—how's that?"

"Not U. but I, blockhead!"

"Oh, yis, faith, now I have it ma'am. You mean to say that not I, but you are a blockhead."

"Fool! fool!" exclaimed the pedagogue, in a rage.

"Just as you please," quietly responded Pat, "fool or blockhead—it's no matter, so long as yer free to own it."

ANSWER to question of last week:—It might seem that 25 cents multiplied by itself would produce \$6.25 cts, because 25 times 25 makes 625. But it must be recollect that 25 cents is a decimal fraction of \$1, that is .25 which multiplied by itself makes .0625 of \$1, which is equivalent to  $\frac{1}{16}$  cents. Or we might consider it thus; 25 cents is  $\frac{1}{4}$  of \$1.  $\frac{1}{4}$  multiplied by  $\frac{1}{4}$  is  $\frac{1}{16}$ ;  $\frac{1}{16}$  of \$1 is  $\frac{1}{16}$  cents. Ans. 6 cents.

One of the most amusing things lately gotten off in N. York, was the excursion of the anger association, in burlesque of the target excursions. Each man carried an anger instead of a gun, a Calabrumian band attended them, and the exercises consisted in walking blindfold to the target, and boring a hole in it. Not one man in twenty can do it, and the blunders that are made in the attempt occasion much sport.

Timid people are now defined to be—a lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot, and a steamboat captain, with a cholera case on board.

Ladies can draw a beau into a knot at the hymenial altar.

When a man looks a little pale, thoughts of kicking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

A certain gallant editor thinks when a single gentleman can't pass a clothes line without cutting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no henergy." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your chivary."

The American Agriculturalist speaks of a species of pigs with square snouts. Learned goat can add, subtract and multiply, but these pigs can give an illustration of the square root.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

There is a purple half to the grape, a mellow and crimson half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to man.

A gentleman from one of the upper counties arrived here last evening, and never having had the pleasure of seeing the General Assembly of the Georgia Legislature, repaired to the Senate Chamber last night. He quietly waited till they adjourned, and left at the same time. This morning, being asked what he thought of it, he said he "had never seen anything like it but once before, and that was a breaking up of a negro camp meeting."

What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain?—Cal.

## Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.

With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS.

Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,

Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, Nov. '58.

2-1y.

A. H. FRANCISCUS,

No. 241 Market st., Philadelphia,

Keeps the largest and best assortments of stocks of long and short reel carpet, chain and cotton yarns, batting, wadding, twines, covered yarn, bed cords, wash lines, rope in coils, mould, lamp, candle, camphine, lard and fluid wicks in the city. Also a great variety of fly nets which he offers at Manufacturers lowest cash prices.

N. B. Consignments of Cotton Yarns from 12c to 12c solicited.

(1:3m)

BAILEY & CO.